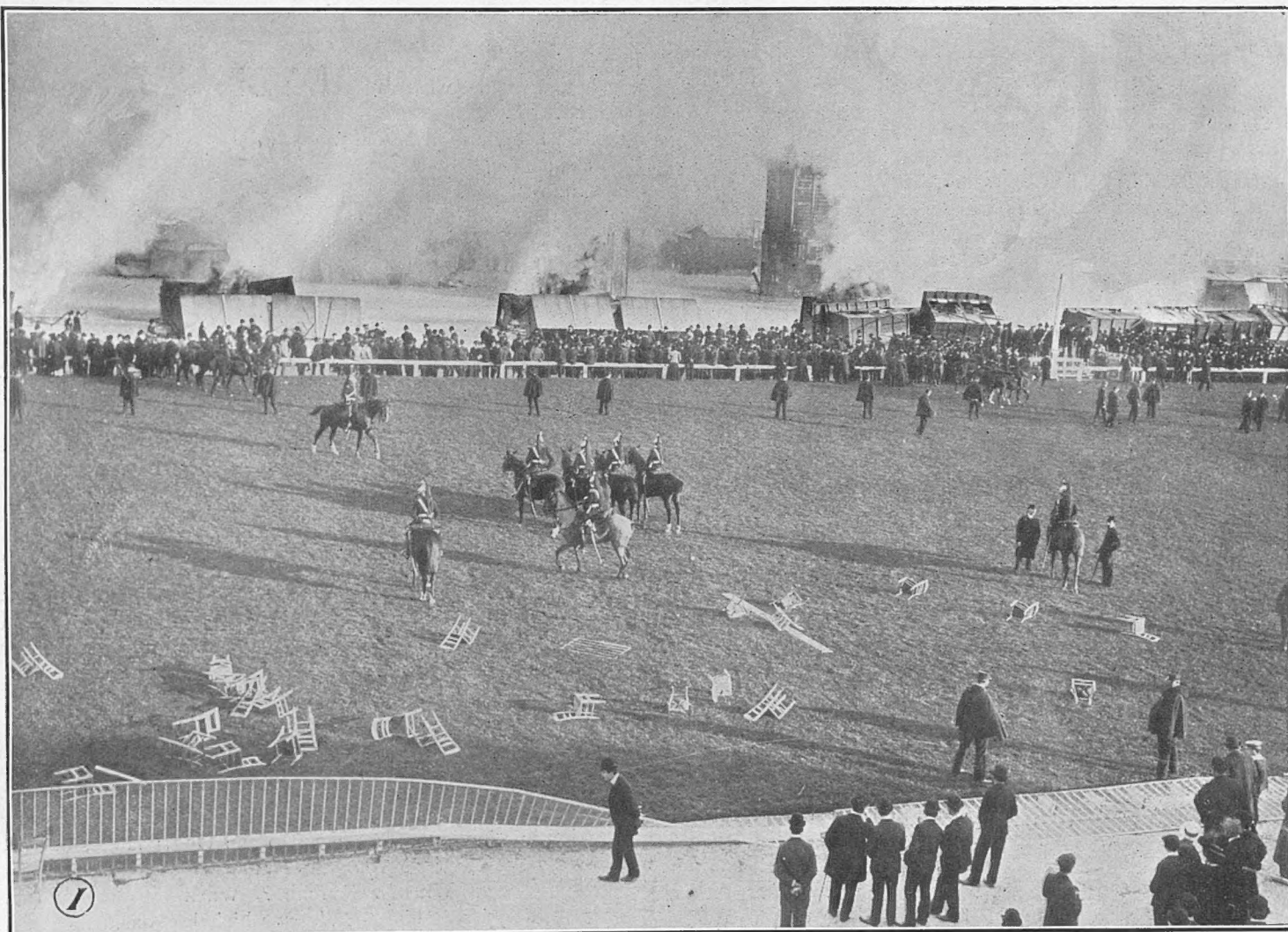


# The Sketch

No. 716.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



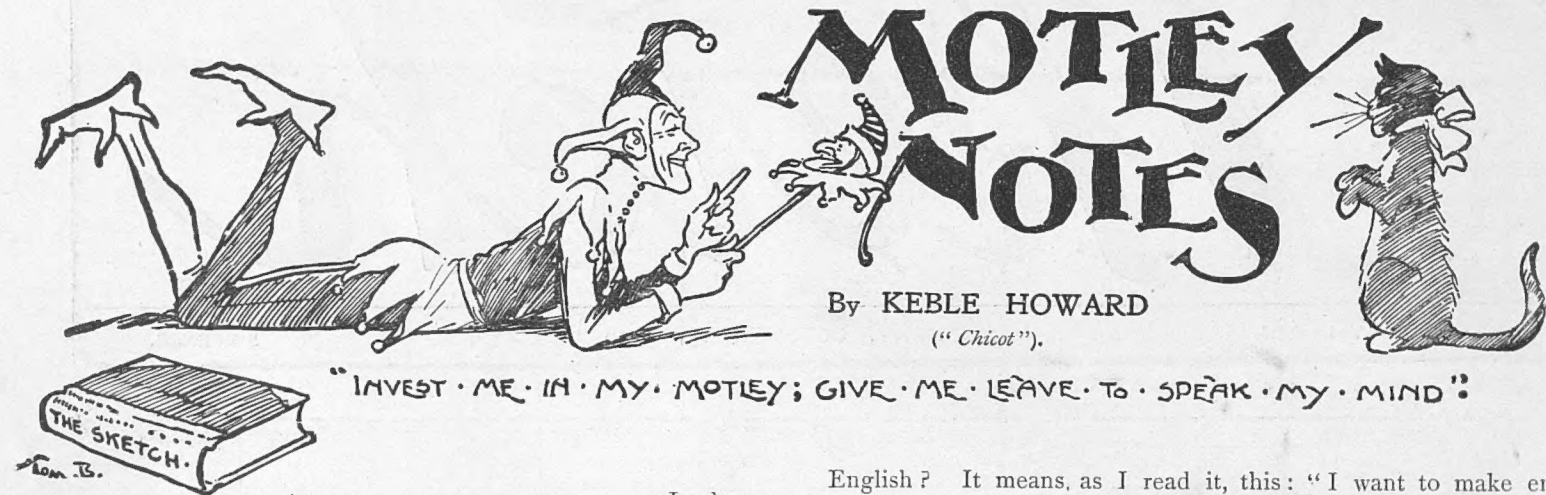
1. THE SCENE DURING THE RIOT, SHOWING THE BURNING OF THE PARI-MUTUEL BUILDINGS AND THE CHAIRS THAT WERE USED AS WEAPONS.
2. THE BEGINNING OF THE RIOT: THE MOB TEARING DOWN THE RAILINGS.

## FIRE AND WRECKAGE ON A FRENCH RACECOURSE: THE GREAT RIOT AT LONGCHAMPS.

A bad start in the Free Handicap, and the consequent victory of an outsider while the favourites were left at the post, resulted in a great riot at Longchamps Racecourse on Sunday last. The pari-mutuel was wrecked and some £12,000, the whole of the money, stolen; the iron railings were torn down; sticks, umbrellas, and chairs were used as weapons; and the racecourse offices and buildings were set on fire. Eventually the mob was charged by police and mounted Municipal Guards, and victory rested with the police.

*Photographs by Halftones, Ltd.*





**Why I am Starving.** It is idle for the mere novelist to attempt to compete with the newspapers. I began my Notes last week by congratulating myself on the delightful lull in the affairs of this restless old world. When there is nothing of particular interest in the newspapers, you know, people run off to the libraries. When the newspapers are full of good stuff, the libraries and book-shops are empty, the publishers' advertisements get more and more savage, and the poor little authors sit at home and weep. The lull, therefore, if only for commercial reasons, pleased me. And yet, if you remember, I was none too hopeful. "It may be, of course," I wrote, "that before these lines are in print something stupendous and world-shaking will have occurred." My gloomy prediction was fulfilled. Before those lines were published, anyhow, all the world knew that the *Times* had fallen foul of the publishers, and the publishers of the *Times*. Columns and columns of personal, and therefore deeply interesting, matter were printed in the papers. Instead of being compelled to read the books of their favourite authors, the public had the ecstatic joy of reading what these authors thought of the *Times*, what they thought of the publishing business, and what they thought of almost everything else under the sun. The sale of books, I imagine, was almost at a standstill last week.

**I Rebuke Mr. Caine.** The modern novelist does not seem to realise that glorious sales became things of the past from the time when a daily newspaper found its way into every civilised home. There is quite enough reading-matter in the ordinary halfpenny daily paper to satisfy the majority of the public. In addition to all the news of the day, handled by journalists who write more attractively, I am afraid, than a few of the novelists, the newspaper-reader gets short stories, a serial story, and articles on dress. The woman of the house reads for half-an-hour after the midday meal, and for twenty minutes after supper. The daughter of the house devours the serial and the fashion articles, in some mysterious way, before noon, and the rest of the day, when she is not at work, she spends in eating, giggling, dressing, doing her hair, and flirting. Whenever she has sixpence to spare, or her young man has a shilling to spare, she prances off to the theatre. It is rather childish of Mr. Hall Caine to grumble because the sale of novels is not in proportion to the inhabitants of the British Isles. If it were in proportion, novelists would become so horribly rich that there would be no bearing with them. As it is, I note that some of them are inclined to crowd on rather more "side" than they can carry with dignity.

**Are Novelists Greedy?** One of them, for example, has written a long, long letter to a daily paper with a vast circulation to explain that his new novel is not selling as well as it deserves, and to threaten that, if his next novel sells no better than the present one, he will "turn it up" altogether, and take to writing for the newspapers. As a matter of fact, I don't see how he could write very much more for the newspapers than he does at present. His opinions on every conceivable subject may be read most mornings for a penny or less. With regard to his income from books, I estimate, knowing something of sales and prices, that he has been making upwards of five thousand a year for the last ten years. Does he want more? Yes. "My work," he writes, "is literature or nothing. But I have to live, and to write one's best it is necessary to live free from an intolerable pressure of anxiety, with a certain leisureliness, a certain range of social experience, with events and a coming and going of other minds and a certain dignity." What does all that mean in plain, honest, matter-of-fact, workaday man's

English? It means, as I read it, this: "I want to make enough money to live in luxury and write dull, heavy stuff to be praised by posterity. I want to give swagger parties that shall startle the neighbourhood, and make the people who haven't called realise that I am a somebody. I want to be able to ask the other big 'literary' chaps to my house, fill them up with old port, and sit over the fire slanging the publishers, the reviewers, and the public. And I want to keep a brougham, a couple of motors, a butler, and a footman. How can I do all that on five thousand a year?"

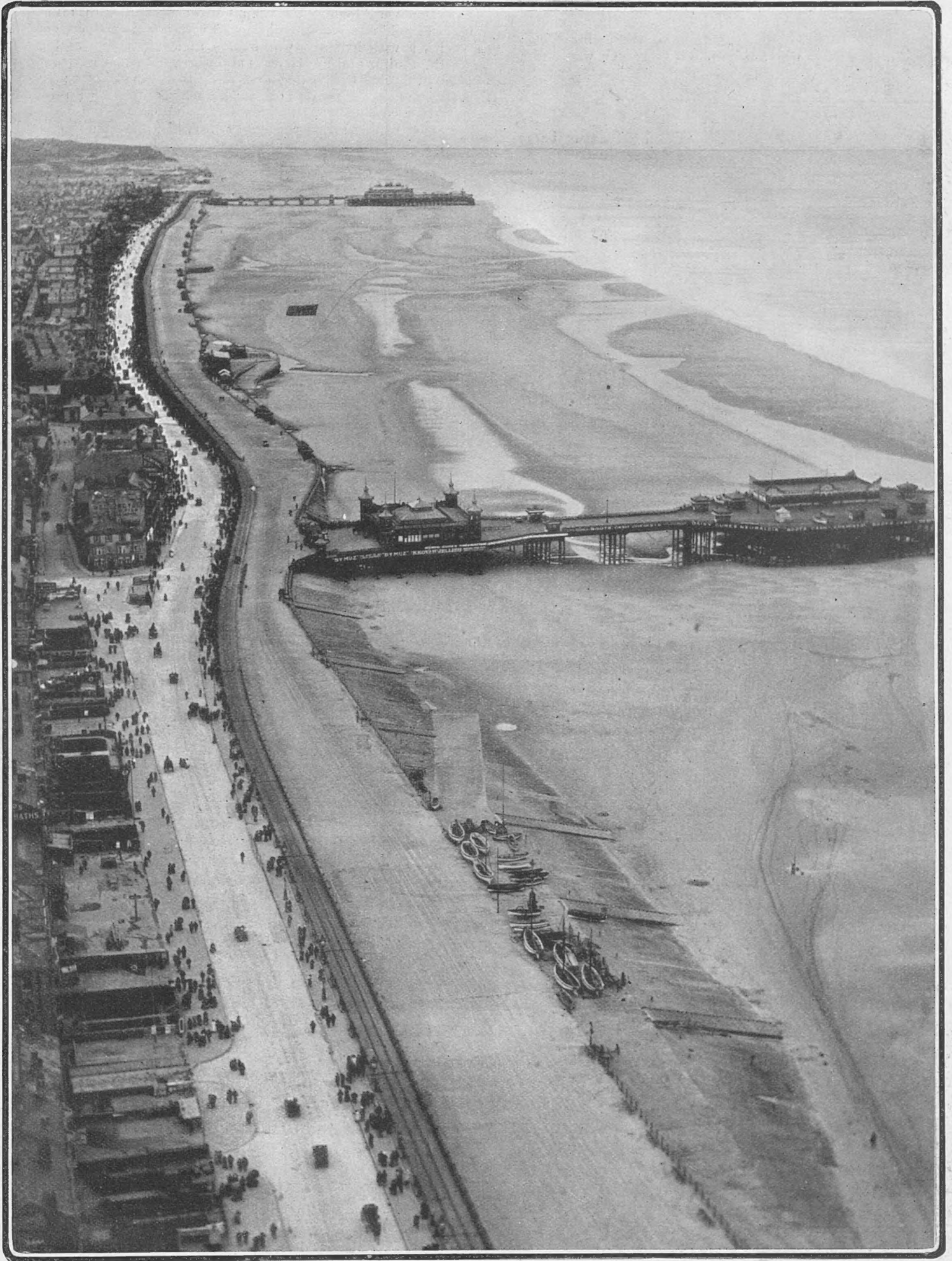
**The Price of Success.** Personally, I have precious little belief in this leisureliness and dignity. It is a significant fact that many writers live in London until they have made their names and gathered together a large and faithful public. Then they retire to the country, wallow in fine houses, allow themselves to be patronised by the local "swells," write three hours a week, and turn out cold work. They want to have it all ways. They want to practise the most fascinating profession in the world without sacrificing anything whatever. It can't, of course, be done. To make a success as a writer, and to go on being successful, a man must give up almost everything that other men enjoy. If he loves his work passionately he will be content. If he looks on it as a grind and a nuisance, he doesn't deserve to sell his books. At any rate, them's my opinions.

**In Praise of "Shop."** I hope, friend the reader, you don't share the old-fashioned prejudice against "shop." If you do, I apologise. For my own part, I would far rather hear a man discuss his own profession than subjects of which he knows little or nothing. When you talk to Mr. Chamberlain, do you ask him anxiously whether he has been to the Opera lately, and if he worships Melba? Or do you lead him on to discuss the pleasant eccentricities of Mr. Winston Churchill? When you are dining with Mr. Pinero, do you beg him to tell you which he considers Sargent's greatest picture, or do you lead him round cunningly to the subject of "His House in Order," and get him to confess to you that he thinks it a finer play than "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"? The theatrical profession, by the way, are often accused of talking more "shop" than other people. Nonsense! Everybody talks shop, and a very good thing they do. The senseless prejudice against it has killed many a dinner-party.

**One Unjust Man.** I was shocked one morning last week to find so sane a person as Mr. Edgar Wallace, apropos of the "Hunted Lovers" affair, saying that a man whose wife leaves him is justified in killing quite a lot of people. Dr. Reich, it is true, said the same, but the Reich boom seems to be over for the present. Dr. Reich, therefore, may say anything he likes. But Mr. Edgar Wallace is the author of "The Four Just Men," of which a dramatised version has just been produced with great success at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. Mr. Wallace, in short, is in the public eye, and it is his duty to Society to behave nicely. He must not get up and urge the thousands of gentlemen whose wives have found them uncompanionable to embark upon wholesale slaughtering excursions. "If I found myself in a similar position," said Mr. Wallace, "I would kill the man, then the woman, and then myself." Why not drag in a policeman and a couple of hall-porters? Mr. Wallace added that, in such a case, "you do not think, but act." And yet he makes up his mind in cold blood about the matter! This is not worthy of the author of "The Four Just Men." It is illogical to bring four just men into being, and then behave unjustly oneself. Mr. Wallace has not considered the humorous side of the question. And it has one.



# STORM v. MOTOR: THE BLACKPOOL MOTOR-MEET IN A GALE.



RECORD MOTOR-RACING AT BLACKPOOL, SEEN FROM THE TOWER.

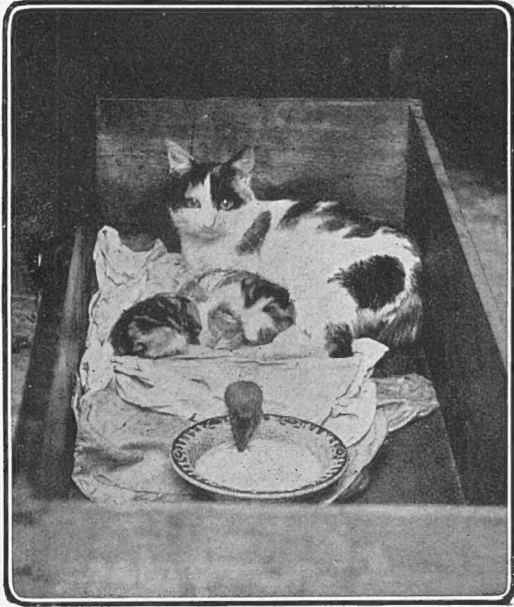
The meeting organised by the Blackpool and Fylde District Motor Club for Friday and Saturday last was most successful. On the first day, however, the weather was anything but propitious: the final practice runs early in the morning took place amidst wind and rain, and another shower that came during the racing decided the management to postpone several events, the wet making further proceedings dangerous. Rain and much wind also caused delay on the second day. Mr. A. Lee Guinness, on a 200-h.p. eight-cylinder Darracq, beat the English record for the flying kilometre, covering the distance in 21 seconds—at a speed, that is to say, of 106½ miles an hour. He also beat his own world's record for the standing kilometre, in 32 3-5 seconds.—[Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.]



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Dogs of Constantinople—A Puppy's Broken Leg—The Fat Dog Outside the Hotel—Backsheesh—Squeezing Strangers—The Constantinople Fire Brigade.*

IF ever I am the owner of a disobedient dog, I shall talk to him gravely and point out to him how happy his lot is compared with that of the dogs of Constantinople, those horrible, mangy scavengers of the roads who are born and fight their way through life and die unregretted in the gutter. A number of them have broken legs. I saw how these broken legs are caused. In the angle formed by any doorstep there is always a bundle of fur—some small puppies. The puppies creep and crawl on pavement and in gutter.



A MOUSE ADOPTED BY A CAT: A STRANGE FAMILY AT HOME.

The cat, which belongs to Mr. Moon, of Rishton, near Blackburn, is nursing a number of kittens, and has now added to her family by adopting a mouse. The cat, it is reported, evidently thinks more of the mouse than she does of her kittens, for it was the mouse she "saved" when she ran away from the photographer. [Photograph by Robinson.]

puppy, just old enough to go garbage-hunting on its own account, wobbled into the road near the fountain, and a driver coming up to take up a position alongside another carriage knocked it down, and a wheel went over one leg. The puppy screamed, and, yelping, limped towards the fountain, thrust its way through the bars of the railing, and lay amidst the weeds squealing. The driver laughed and said something to the other driver, and nobody else in the crowded Grande Rue took the slightest notice of the incident.

Not that a Turk is cruel. Everybody who has lived for any length of time in Turkey is always loud in praise of all the Turks who do not belong to the official classes; they are temperate and honest and hard-working. But a Constantinople dog is so low down in the scale of life that no one takes the slightest interest whether it lives or dies. This is what I shall tell to any disobedient dog that I may own or who may be of my acquaintance, and I shall impress upon him the obvious moral.

Up at the highest end of the Grande Rue is an open space by a fountain—not such a fountain as we know in the West, but weeds and little trees round an empty basin—where two of the carriages for hire generally stand, carriages owned by their drivers, who steer their pair of horses with great skill in the crowded alleys. A miserable

I shall not say anything concerning exceptions, for there are exceptions. There is a fat street dog outside the Pera Palace Hotel who wags his tail and hopes to be stroked, and who is fed by the visitors, who save bits of rolls at luncheon time for that purpose. The fat and friendly dog is not in the good books of his unpetted companions, who show their teeth at him and, no doubt, say terrible things to him in dog language, and during the day he keeps quite close to the gorgeous Albanian Cavass, a person adorned with raiment of crimson and gold and green, and crusted with pistols and daggers, as a lady's hat is with hat-pins, who stands at the doorway and gravely salutes the Smiths and the Joneses and the Robinsons as they come in and out. What the fat dog does at night I do not know; he has probably some safe retreat, or perhaps he makes friends with his brethren by baying more loudly than any of them. He certainly does not venture amongst them if they remain unfriendly, for any dog not recognised by the pack has scant quarter.

There are always disappointed men waiting in all the Constantinople hotels, abiding there till contracts are fulfilled, or money is paid or orders are given, and they lift up their voices and curse—in quite polite language—the Turk in high places, who takes his own time, and has his own method for dealing with the commercial Christian. Constantinople is full now of these saddened "unfaithful," and most of their complaints had reference to railways and guns. The last time I was in Constantinople a man who was going back to England by the next Orient Express told me the story of a contract for cloth for the Turkish troops. It was a long story, but the pith of

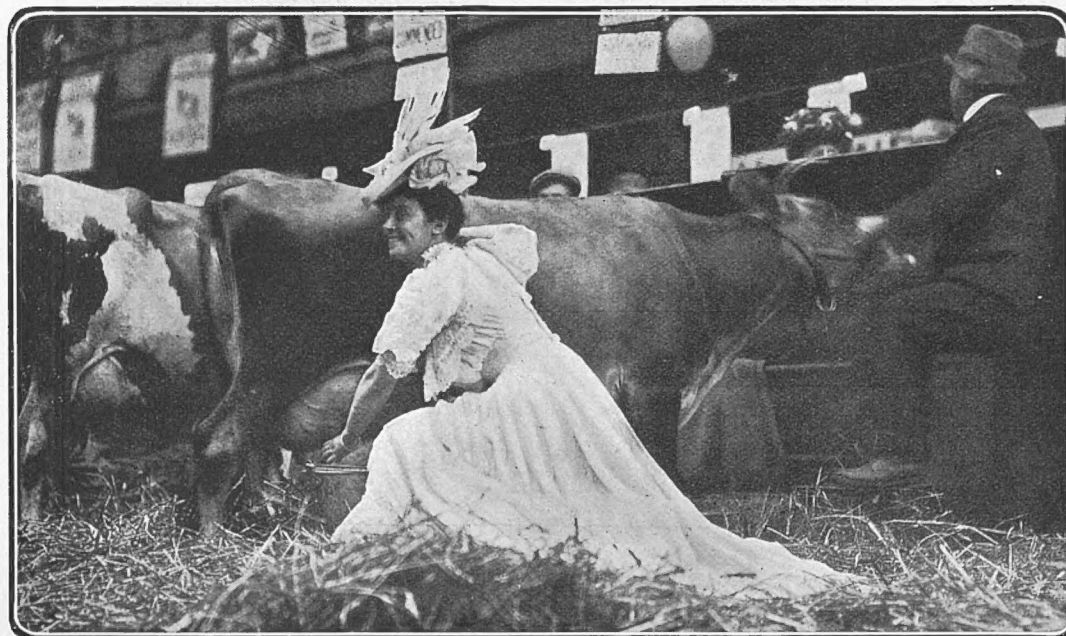
it was that though the contract was at first sight a "good thing," by the time he had satisfied the many and various people whose palms had to be greased, his firm could not have afforded at the price to supply anything that would even look like cloth.

The Turks have ingenious methods of squeezing the stranger. They say quite frankly that they do not want Christians within their gates, and as a twenty-four-hour massacre of tourists, which would be a simple solution of the difficulty, is impossible for many reasons, they either bleed the stranger or annoy him horribly. The upright man who, having nothing dutiable, will not stoop to give backsheesh to the Custom House officials, has a terrible time. No other officials can turn the contents of a trunk so thoroughly upside down, or make hay so completely with well-ironed dress shirts.



WILL HE FOLLOW IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS?  
MASTER SYDNEY LENO.

Master Sydney Leno, son of the late Dan Leno, is evidently determined to become a second edition of his father, and has already shown a good deal of talent in private theatricals. [Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



A STAGE DAIRYMAID ATTEMPTS TO MILK A REAL COW: MISS CARRIE MOORE AT THE DAIRY SHOW AT ISLINGTON.

Miss Carrie Moore, one of the dairymaids in the piece of that name at the Apollo, visited the Dairy Show at Islington the other day, and, assisted by Mr. Dan Rolyat, the Joe Mivens of the same piece, attempted to milk a cow. The cow, probably not being able to understand Miss Carrie Moore's description of her as "a lovely cow of a beautiful fawn colour, with mawve patches, and big brown eyes like a deer," refused to assist. [Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

I saw a turn-out of the Constantinople Fire Brigade which was as comic as anything in a pantomime. The signal-lamps went up on the watch-tower, horsemen galloped through the narrow streets, the watchmen struck their staves upon the stones and shouted in what quarter the fire was, though a glow behind a mosque in Stamboul made this information unnecessary. Running up the streets, men in white caps and white shirts rushed into the police-stations, and emerged with little pumps no bigger than a good-sized biscuit-box. From the Grande Rue came the sound of a trumpet, telling that the Pera Brigade was on its way. A flag, men in blue bearing big torches, a Turk with an enormous stomach riding a very small horse, a brass manual engine, a roll of hose, and a very old wooden manual, surrounded by a crowd of men in blue with pantomime pot-shaped helmets, came past at a jog-trot. I forgave Constantinople her dirt and dogs and backsheesh for the hearty laugh I had at her fire brigade.



OCT. 17, 1906

## THE SKETCH.

5

### ENGAGED TO MME. MELBA'S SON.

MR. GEORGE N. ARMSTRONG.



MISS RUBY OTWAY, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. GEORGE NESBITT ARMSTRONG, SON OF MME. MELBA.

Miss Ruby Otway, whose wedding with Mr. George Nesbitt Armstrong, Mme. Melba's son, is likely to take place next June, is the daughter of Colonel Jocelyn Otway, of 7, Park Lane, and is eighteen. She is devoted to outdoor sports, and makes a hobby of Pekinese spaniels.

*Photographs by M. Shadwell Clerke.*



**HIS MAJESTY'S.** EVERY EVENING at 8.15.  
Mr. Tree's Twelfth Shakesperian Production,  
(LAST 2 WEEKS.) THE WINTER'S TALE. (LAST 2 WEEKS.)  
HERMIONE MISS ELLEN TERRY.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.  
EXTRA MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 20.

**GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER,**  
Lessee and Manager. At 8.30, THE MORALS OF MARCUS, a play in Four Acts  
by William J. Locke, being a dramatic version of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne."  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S, KING STREET, PALL MALL.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 (282nd time). MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.  
**HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.** By A. W. PINERO.  
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MISS IRENE VANBRUGH. Tel. 3903 Gerrard.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager,  
Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES'S NEW  
CHINESE COMIC OPERA, SEE-SEE. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

**WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.**—EVERY EVENING at 9.  
PETER'S MOTHER. Preceded at 8.30 by THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

**GAIETY THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 (doors open 7.50), THE NEW ALADDIN. MATINEE  
EVERY SATURDAY at 2.15 (doors open 1.50). Box office 10 till 10.

**LYRIC THEATRE.** MR. LEWIS WALLER.  
Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.  
TO-NIGHT (Wednesday) and EVERY EVENING, at 8,  
ROBIN HOOD.  
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ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left  
at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or  
pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person  
injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under  
Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said  
Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the  
same risk.

Oct. 17, 1906.

Signature.....

"PERHAPS the largest Turf accountancy business in  
the world is presided over by Mr. Daniel M. Gant, whose  
premises are situated in the very heart of the West End of  
London, namely, at 25, Conduit Street, W. His business  
has of course been established for many years, and he himself  
is a well-known member of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms,  
which is a testimonial that requires no further remarks. Mr.  
Gant was the originator of the no-limit system—that is to  
say, he was the first Turf accountant to pay his clients the  
full odds betted against a horse. It is true that several  
others have followed suit, but it can be safely said that no  
rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and  
liberality in every way to clients as those issued from  
25, Conduit Street."—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*,  
May 30, 1906.—Write for terms, the most advantageous extant.

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**THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY.**

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WITH A CHAPTER ON GOUT AND ITS DIETETIC TREATMENT.  
By Dr. YORKE DAVIES.

CONTENTS: Evils of Corpulency. Dangerous Conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak  
Heart, Gout, &c. Diet the only safe and permanent cure at any age. Quack medicines to reduce  
weight dangerous and useless. Evils of Over-eating and Sedentary Habits. Food in its relation  
to Work, Exercise, &c.

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

#### THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

SEELEY. <b>The Romance of Early Exploration.</b> Archibald Williams, F.R.G.S. 5s. <b>Great Britain in Modern Africa.</b> Edgar Sands. 11 M.A. 5s. <b>Electricity of To-day.</b> Charles R. Gibson, A.I.E.E. 5s. net. <b>Stratford-on-Avon.</b> Sidney Lee. 6s. <b>The Children's Odyssey.</b> Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. 5s.	HODDER AND STOUGHTON. <b>Diana and Destiny.</b> Charles Garvice. 6s. ALLEN. <b>The Contest.</b> E. L. Haverfield. 6s. METHUEN. <b>Garrick and His Circle.</b> Mrs. Clement Parsons. 12s. 6d. net. <b>The Pillow Book.</b> Collected by N. G. Royle Smith. 4s. 6d. net. <b>From Midshipman to Field-Marshal.</b> Evelyn Wood, F.M., V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Two vols. 25s. net.
BROWN, LANGHAM. <b>It Happened in Japan.</b> Baroness Albert d'Anethan. 6s. <b>The Voyage of the "Arrow."</b> T. Jenkins Hains. 6s. <b>The Gaiety of Fatma.</b> Kathleen Watson. 6s.	JARROLD <b>The Daughter of the Dawn.</b> William Reginald Hodder. 3s. 6d.
SKEFFINGTON. <b>Pribbles and Prabbles.</b> By the late Major- General Patrick Maxwell, LL.D. 10s. net.	GREENING. <b>Abelard and Heloise.</b> Hélène Gingold.
LONGMANS. GREEN. <b>The Orange Fairy-Book.</b> Edited by Andrew Lang. 6s.	EVELEIGH NASH. <b>The Matrimonial Lottery.</b> Charlotte O'Connor Eccles. 6s. <b>A Drama in Sunshine.</b> Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s.
CHATTO AND WINDUS. <b>Burnt Spices.</b> L. S. Gibson. 6s.	ALSTON RIVERS. <b>Meriel of the Moors.</b> R. E. Vernede. 6s.
CONSTABLE. <b>The Incomplete Amorist.</b> E. Nesbit. 6s. E. GRANT RICHARDS. <b>The North Sea Bubble.</b> Ernest Old- meadow. 6s.	HUTCHINSON. <b>The Belles of Vaudroy.</b> G. B. Burgin. 6s. <b>The Living Races of Mankind.</b> Vol. II. 10s. 6d. net.
	CASSELL. <b>The Dumpling.</b> Coulson Kernahan. 6s.

#### The Illustrated London News.

OCTOBER 20.

#### RIOT ON THE LONGCHAMPS RACECOURSE.

WITH FULLY ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT:

#### ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE: TWO STRANGE TRIBES OF BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

MR. LEWIS WALLER AND MISS EVELYN MILLARD IN "ROBIN HOOD."

#### THE LORD MAYOR IN PARIS.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"  
and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the  
Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or  
detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and  
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and  
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

IT is believed in Dublin that among the most definite of the King's plans for 1907 is a visit to the Emerald Isle. His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, was supposed to be very Irish in his sympathies, and it is significant that he sent both his sons to make sojourns in the distressful country; while he himself as a young man was quartered at the Curragh. Should his Majesty go to Dublin next year, the Royal visit will take place in con-

nection with the great International Exhibition which is to be held in Herbert Park, a public recreation-ground which has been presented to Dublin by Lord Pembroke. Ireland is in some ways the paradise of motorists, and if the Royal visit takes place, the King will certainly seize the opportunity to motor to some of the wilder and less known districts of John Bull's Other Island.

### *Coming Royal Guests.*

Next month will see a remarkable gathering of Royal personages, for in addition to the King and Queen of Norway, who will pay their first State visit to this country, and will, of course, be assured of a peculiarly cordial welcome, the King of Greece, Queen Alexandra's favourite brother, will spend a few days with their Majesties, as will his son, Prince George, who has been described as the Anak of the Royal caste, and who is certainly a splendid specimen of young manhood. It is also rumoured that the Dowager Empress of Russia will make a stay in England, and that she will be accompanied by her second son, whose engagement to Princess Patricia of Connaught was rumoured some ten days ago. The Grand Duke Michael is, of course, a nephew of Queen Alexandra, and he is credited at St. Petersburg with being a strong Anglophile. It is said that the Tsar is very anxious that he should marry soon, as, with the exception of the baby Tsarevitch, the Grand Duke's is the only life standing between the Russian throne and the Grand Duke Vladimir in the event of the Emperor's death.

### *The Duchess of Manchester.*

The young Duchess of Manchester has now taken an important place in Anglo-American society. In some ways, her marriage to the head of the Montagu family was the most romantic of the many romantic episodes which have graced the nuptials of American heiresses to British noblemen; and in her still beautiful mother-in-law, and in the Duke's grandmother, the Duchess of Devonshire, the erstwhile Miss Helena Zimmerman found most powerful social sponsors. Queen Alexandra has shown special favour to the young Duchess, who was first presented to her Majesty on the occasion of the christening of the Duke of Manchester's son and heir, Lord Mandeville. This most important little boy, who is now four years old, is one of the Queen's many godsons, and the first of his Christian names is accordingly Alexander. The Duchess of Manchester is exceptionally clever, and so she ought to be, if, as is said, she claims kinship with George Eliot. As a girl, she was much in literary society, and took a strong interest in Buddhism and the religions of the East.

### *The Kaiser as Practical Joker.*

The French Ambassadors at the Court of Berlin are not on very intimate terms with the Kaiser, but the one exception was the Marquis de Noailles, who was very friendly with the German Sovereign. As is well known, the Emperor William is in the habit of getting up very early, and he used to call on M. de Noailles in the morning. One day the Kaiser went so early that the Ambassador was not out of bed, but, telling the *valet de chambre* not to announce him, the Emperor

went upstairs and opened the bedroom door very gently. Then, pulling the clothes off the bed, he cried out, "Get up, M. l'Ambassadeur; it is very late, and the Emperor wishes to speak to you." This story is told on the authority of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

### *Paris Art in Autumn.*

Time was when the young man's thoughts turned to painting in the spring, but nowadays it is in autumn that his worst efforts are perpetrated. Is it a sign that art is on the decline? Art in the Autumn Salon in Paris is of a weird, autumnal kind. Sometimes it is very good, very bright, very original, very promising. At others, it sinks to the level of those artisans in chalk who decorate the pavement in certain quarters of the city and suburbs. Precisely why these strange productions are accepted no one seems to know, though perhaps it is because the committee have found out that the public likes to be amused. English art flourishes at the Salon, and some of the Quarter students that hailed originally from London and provincial art-schools have made large, and generally acceptable, contributions to the walls. One supposed when the Autumn Salon was first founded that it would soon run its brief life and cease to be. But nothing of the sort. It continues to flourish and to wax fatter year by year. There are some people who find even its eccentricities so living and so suggestive of new development that they declare it will be the chief Salon of the year. That, however, has not yet happened, and the present Salon attracts and pleases the sober student rather for its dead lions, in the shape of Courbets and Gauguins, than its living dogs who bark and frisk in the latest pigment.



THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER AND HER SON, LORD MANDEVILLE.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



### Telling Character by the Tongue.

"Glossomanty" represents the latest thing in the art of divination, and is the science of telling character by the tongue. For example, a long tongue indicates a frank and open mind, and a short tongue a crafty and deceitful character. A tongue that is both long and thick means that its owner is a chatterer and a fool, for thickness indicates a want of concentration, whereas a narrow tongue means concentration. A long and narrow tongue means that the possessor is only moderately frank, and a tongue that is short and thick signifies scandal-mongering and falsehood. But the worst tongue of all is one that is short and narrow, for it means that the owner is excessively cunning and deceitful, close and over-prudent, a man always ready to cheat, and one against whom it will be well to be always on guard. "Glossomanty" is, no doubt, a very exact and admirable science; but people do not go about



A REJECTED RODIN MONUMENT: THE GREAT FRENCH SCULPTOR'S MEMORIAL TO THE POET MAURICE ROLLINAT.

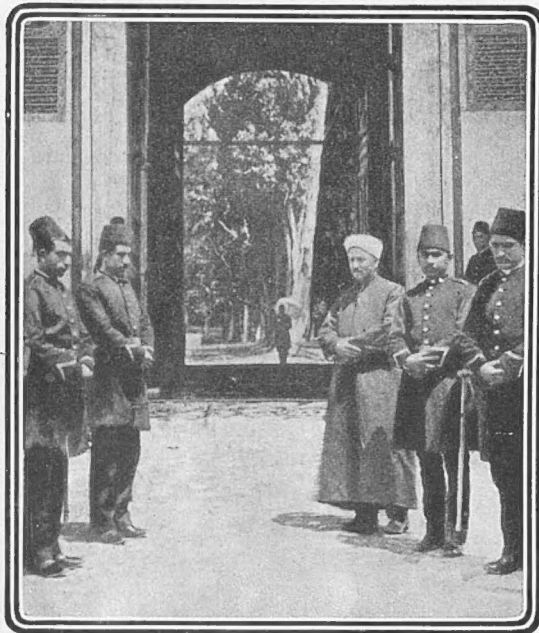
Rodin's memorial to his dead friend, Maurice Rollinat, was refused by the poet's family. It is to be erected, however, in the small village church near Rollinat's home, and it will be unveiled by the Minister of Fine Arts on the 27th of this month.

Photograph by the Universal Photo. Agency.

became detached, letting slip the curtain over one of the windows. A sunbeam, entering the unguarded area, fell straight on the jugglers' cabinet. It showed one of the brothers with his hands free, whirling items of his paraphernalia. Next moment the hands disappeared, and were secured before the lights could be turned on. But the youthful Maskelyne had detected the trick, and he made a small fortune in demonstrating, up and down the country, how it was worked.

*Al Fresco Justice.* The choice by Sir Edward Grey of his Honour Judge Sir Thomas Snagge to represent the Government at the forthcoming International Congress for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic, is a striking compliment to a particularly worthy man. That a County

Court Judge should be taken from his duties to share in handling one of the most terrible of our social problems is very remarkable. But this is the second Conference upon the subject which he has attended. More remarkable still, we owe to this adjudicator in questions of £ s. d. that most important statute, the Criminal Law Amendment Act. He alone conducted the inquiry and drew up the report upon which Parliament enacted the law. His work in this direction explains his knighthood. They think a great deal of him abroad, for he has been admitted to the privileges of a member of the United States Bar. He has a way of doing things quite his own. At one of his courts a question of ancient lights was being fought at interminable length. The lights existed near to where he was sitting. He adjourned his court to the open air, and, despite the rain, decided the case in full view of the lights over which counsel were quarrelling.



THE ONLY SNAPSHOT OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY: PUZZLE, FIND THE SULTAN!

It is believed that this is the only genuine snapshot of the Sultan. It was taken by a native photographer. The Sultan, carrying a white umbrella, is seen under the archway.

with their tongues hanging out, and it would be a strange preliminary to business to ask a man to put out his tongue before dealing with him. For these reasons the science is never likely to become popular. Even "Scarpology," or reading character by the boots, is more practicable.

### Wizards and Wizards.

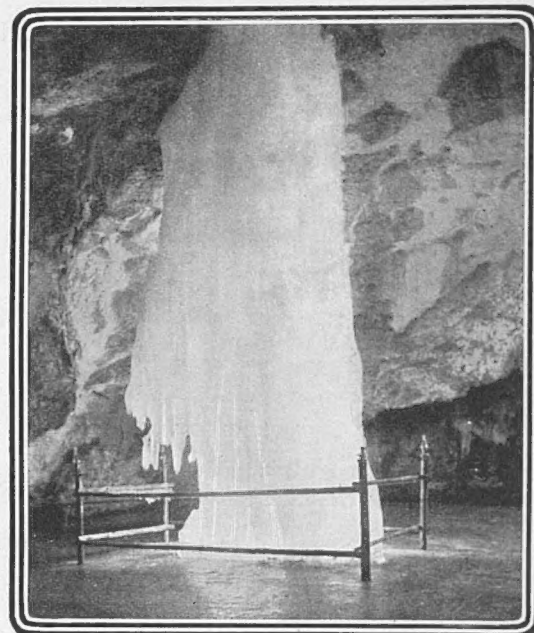
Those who knew him felt sure that, if any man could, Mr. Maskelyne would be the man to claim the thousand pounds offered by Archdeacon Colley for the reproduction of what the Archdeacon believes to have been an occult manifestation. Not everybody remembers the circumstance, but Mr. Maskelyne was the man first to let light into the trickery of the Davenport brothers. As a matter of fact, it was only by chance that he made that discovery, but he has solved not a few quackeries since without the help of luck. He was but a youth and an amateur conjurer when the Davenports were in their prime. They were so unlucky as to get him among their committee of inspection at Cheltenham. The hall in which they worked was darkened, but at a critical moment a tack



AN AMERICAN LADY WHO HAS MARRIED A CHINAMAN: MRS. SUN YUE (FORMERLY MISS ELLA CLEMMONS).

As we noted in our last issue, Miss Ella Clemmons, a sister of Mrs. Howard Gould, has married a Chinaman, a labourer making two dollars a day. The step has caused much indignation among her relatives. Mrs. Sun Yue has worked among the Chinese of San Francisco for some years.

Photograph by Topical Press.



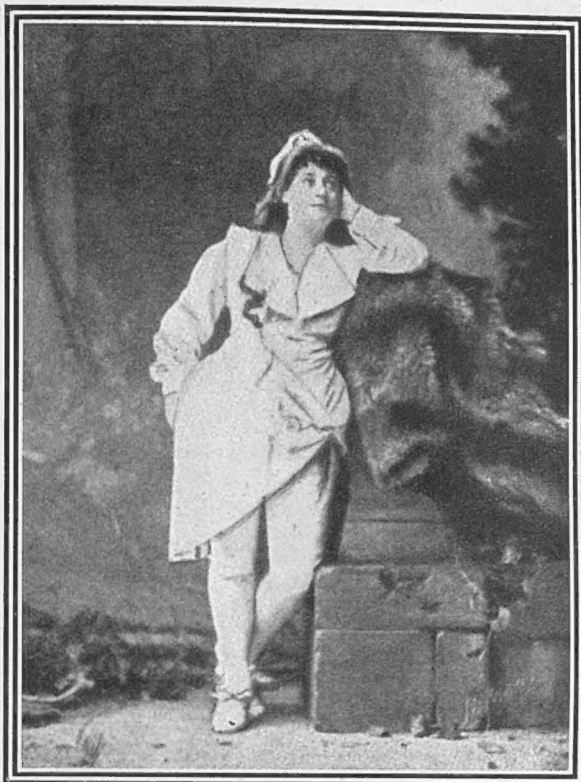
A REMARKABLE NATURAL CURIOSITY ON A HUNTING ESTATE: THE FAMOUS ICE-CAVE NEAR PRINCE PHILIP OF SAXE-COBURG'S SHOOTING-BOX.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

### Stale Bread and Stalemate.

Paris is slowly getting used to eating stale bread on Mondays. This is part of the price it has to pay for a workless Sunday. Bread riots of a new kind were feared in Paris. The masters wished to bake twice the usual quantity on Saturday night, and not to open on Monday. The working bakers insisted that they should take their holiday by rotation. And the masters for the moment seem to have triumphed. Practically none of the bakers' shops were opened on Monday last, and Paris munched its dry *petits pains* in a spirit of contrition. Even the Parliamentarians, deliberating over that thorny question, the Budget, were no better served than the general public. They had stale rolls re-warmed at the lunch hour. M. Lépine, the energetic Prefect of Police, had no mind to let disorder spring out of the question of bread. In the first grey dawning of the Sunday morning the city was silently enveloped by a force of six thousand military and police. Perhaps that had something to do with the fact that Paris had still bread to eat, although it was stale, on the Monday morning. It was the stalemate of the Préfet.





THE ORIGINAL DROGAN IN "GENEVIÈVE DE BRABANT": MISS EMILY SOLDENE, WHO IS TO RECEIVE A BENEFIT AT THE PALACE THEATRE ON NOV. 13TH, AS DROGAN.

### *A Light of Other Days.*

The years come and go, but they seem to have agreed to stand still in the case of Miss Emily Soldene, who, as we have recently been seeing, is the same light-hearted, merry creature that she was when playgoers of a generation ago worshipped her at the Gaiety, at the halls, and on stages far, far north, and beneath the flaming Southern Cross. She is not forgotten, neither does she forget. Her merry memories serve to keep her heart young and gay. Those who had not the good fortune to see her when she was a star of the first magnitude in the theatrical firmament must be content to know her from her memoirs, which have run through more than one edition. They are the spiciest reading

published for many a day. She has the literary faculty by right. Her husband was the son of a man who helped Charles Dickens to found the *Daily News*. It was at the house of her father-in-law that Dickens met Catherine Hogarth, his future wife.

### *The Fate of a Queen of Hearts.*

A rival of Miss Soldene, a rival for whom she had the warmest feeling, was the beautiful Miss Lennox Grey. By one of those amazing turns of fortune which unaccountably "throw" the best of us, this same Miss Lennox Grey has just been discovered in the person of an inmate of a London workhouse! The discovery, made quite by chance, has brought good friends to her aid, and there is a prospect now of her ending her days in peace and comfort in a home of her own in the country. Miss Soldene's description of her rival makes tragic reading to-day: "She had just returned from India with a mysterious brown ayah, and lots of spangled muslins and beetles and beads and

cedar-wood boxes and attar of roses, and no end of airs and graces. She was the daughter of the well-known Mrs. Caulfield, and sister to 'Johnny' Caulfield. Well, Miss Grey was a lovely woman, and as a 'boy' caused no end of a flutter in the front row of the stalls." Miss Grey was famous as a lady whistler, and would, Miss Soldene thinks, have run Mrs. Shaw very close.

*Ristori's Reverse.* Practically all the obituary notices of the great Ristori have spoken as if her career were one long, unhalting triumph. Her reappearance upon the stage, after a lapse of years, has been cited as one of the brightest chapters in her life. Histrionically, no doubt, it was. But there was tragedy at the

back of it. Not willingly did she relinquish the peace and seclusion of a palace in Rome to tread again the boards of the stage. It was a severe financial reverse which drew her from that retirement. Sir Horace Rumbold, who met her during his Chilian days, at the outset of her tour, has recorded how she bravely set to work to make good to her son and daughter the million or so of francs by which a calamity had curtailed their inheritance. She had her daughter with her in this last tour of triumph, but she was rarely allowed to be witness of her mother's performances. A Belgian Countess kept her company in private, and was her chaperon, while the great Ristori held her audiences spellbound.

### *The Matrimonial Entente Cordiale.*

It is curious how very few Anglo-French marriages take place in Society. This is not altogether owing to the religious question, for even British Roman Catholics seem to prefer to look at



A FAMOUS ITALIAN TRAGEDIENNE WHO RIVALLED RACHEL AND MET WITH MUCH SUCCESS IN THIS COUNTRY: MME. ADELAIDE RISTORI.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

home for brides and bridegrooms. The engagement of Lord Henniker's youngest sister to Baron Claude de Chassiron will perhaps form a precedent, the more so that just now everything English is held in high honour in Paris. In this matter of Anglo-French alliances there are, of course, certain exceptions proving the rule. Thus a sister of Lord Selborne is the wife of the Comte de Franqueville, one of Queen Victoria's favourite Maids-of-Honour is now the Comtesse de Mauny Talvande, and the Speaker's eldest sister is Madame Paul Vieugue, wife of a diplomatist who was Attaché at the French Embassy in London. Even fewer than such alliances, however, are marriages between Englishmen and French girls. Why this should be it is difficult to tell.



A CONTRAST INDEED: MISS LENNOX GREY AS SHE IS TO-DAY, IN THE WORKHOUSE.

*From a Photograph.*



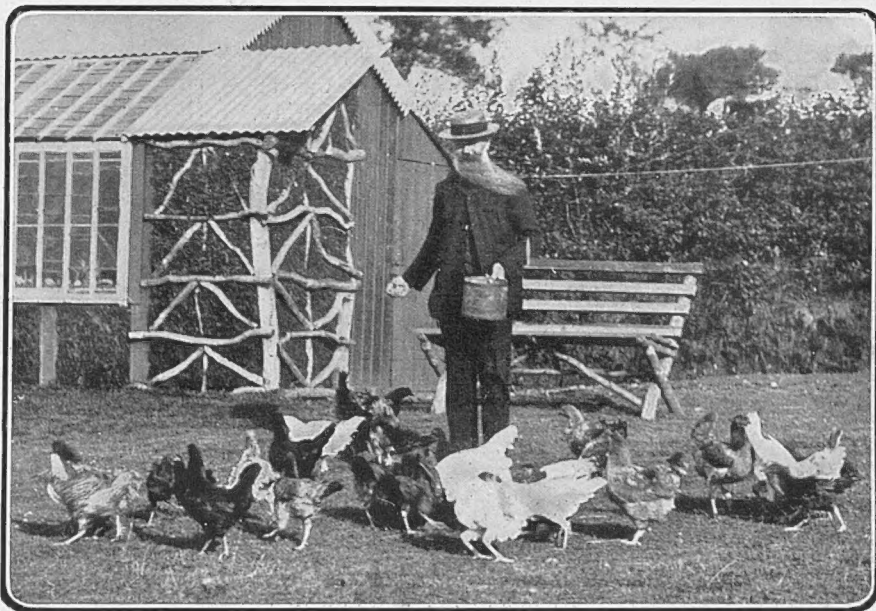
A CONTRAST INDEED: MISS LENNOX GREY AS SHE WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF HER FAME.

*Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*



### Of Royal Blood.

The late Countess of Munster, as everybody knows, was a grandchild of William IV. So was her husband, the second Earl of Munster. But for the Royal Marriage Act, the fascinating Dorothy Jordan would have been the legal wife of the King who was father of her nine children. It is surprising to find in how many noble families the blood, with that of William IV., of this old-time favourite of the footlights runs. The fourth daughter married the eighteenth Earl of Erroll, and became the grandmother of the present Duke of Fife, husband of the Princess Royal and son-in-law of King Edward. The eldest daughter married the first Lord De L'Isle



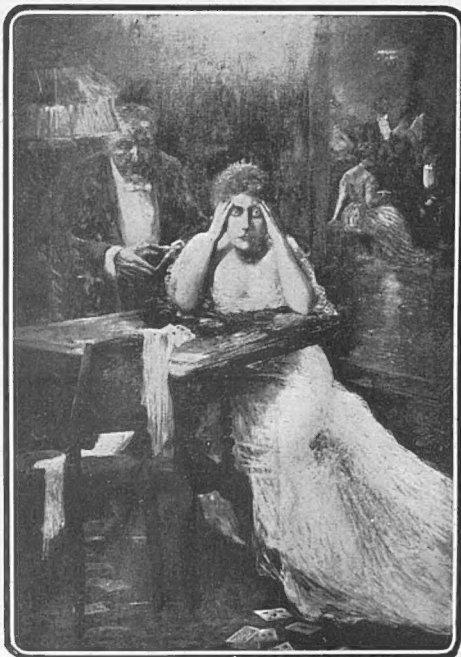
A CLERGYMAN WHO IS LIVING IN A TEN-FOOT-EIGHT HUT: THE REV. W. FRENCH, RECTOR OF CADELEIGH, DEVONSHIRE, FEEDING HIS FOWLS.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

of course, that some noble eulogy of the mental attributes of the Judge will there be found. The sentence, when discovered, reads: "Mr. Justice Best said that he had a great mind to commit the man for trial." The example is still cited as a classical instance of how not to make an index.

### The Hunting Season: Ladies Astride?

Will the hunting season of 1906-7 be distinguished by a revival of ladies riding astride? The fashion was surely started by the late Lady Florence Dixie, who, after she came back from South Africa, where she had been acting as war-correspondent for the *Morning Post* in the Zulu War, could not say too much in favour of



A PAINTING INSPIRED BY FATHER VAUGHAN'S SERMONS ON THE SMART SET: "THE TEMPTER," BY BARON ARPAD DE PAOZTHORY.

The picture, which is by Baron Arpad de Paozthory, a Hungarian noble, is now on exhibition at the Art Gallery, High Street, Kensington. The figures are life-size. The painting was inspired by the passage in which Father Vaughan described "innocent and beautiful English girls who have been ruined at the card-table," and the man who "gives her money and the debt is paid."

Photograph by the Photo. Press Agency.

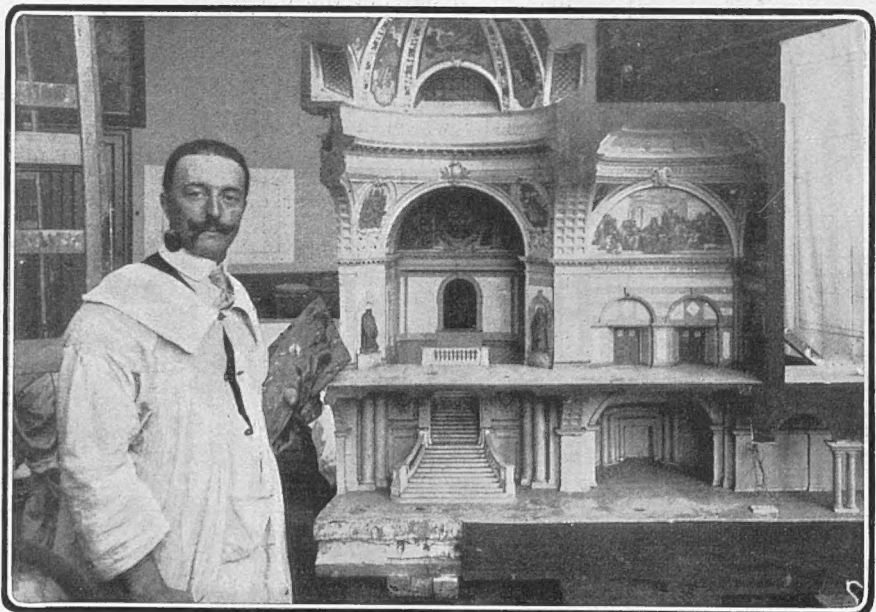
and Dudley; while the youngest wedded the tenth Viscount Falkland. The eight younger children were raised to the rank of the younger children of a Marquess. But they were treated in private as the King's legitimate offspring. The curious thing is that Queen Charlotte behaved as the noblest of mothers to the numerous family of her fair rival in the affections of her lord the King.

### Queens as Slummers.

Queen Natalie of Servia is by no means the first Queen who has paid a prolonged visit to the London slums, but she is probably the first Royal lady who

has done so under the guidance of a Roman Catholic priest. Father Bernard Vaughan, the severe critic of "Smart Society," was her Majesty's guide, and it is said that he spared Queen Natalie nothing of the sordid side of East-End life. In a nobler spirit than that of the mere sightseer, most of the members of our own Royal Family have taken trouble to investigate the depths of Metropolitan poverty; and when the King, as Prince of Wales, sat on the Housing of the Poor Commission, he paid long incognito visits east and south, north and west, to those districts of London where workers engaged in local trades have to find dwellings for themselves and their families.

*An Historic Mind.* The marriage of Lord Wyndford to the Hon. Eva Napier links families famed, respectively, in law and arms. The bridegroom is the holder of the barony conferred first upon Sir William Draper Best, Lord Chief Justice; his bride is the granddaughter of the great Field-Marshal, Lord Napier of Magdala. The Lord Chief Justice was the hero of a jest beloved of bookmen. The Judge had a way of his own in summing up which caused him to be known at the Bar as "Judge Advocate." Chitty, it is said, did not love him, and for that reason sent his name down to posterity with a joke attached. In the index to one of his Reports appears the entry, "Best (Mr. Justice), his great mind." The text is sought in the expectation,



THE NEW "OLD BAILEY" IN MINIATURE: MR. G. MOIRA AT WORK ON A MODEL OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GRAND HALL OF THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT. Mr. G. Moira is responsible for the mural paintings in the hall in question, and for the paintings on the ceiling of the dome.—[Photograph by Park.]



AN EXTRAORDINARY CONTRAST IN RECTORIES: THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE REV. W. FRENCH IS TO LIVE (X), AND THE HUT IN WHICH HE IS LIVING (O).

A new rectory is being built for the rector, but meantime he has to content himself with a hut some ten feet by eight, and ten feet high. This he will occupy for at all events another winter, that is, until the building under erection is finished. The hut is divided into a tiny bedroom and a small workshop and bathroom.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

women using men's saddles. Now Lady Castlereagh, the daughter of that famous sportsman, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and herself from childhood a fearless rider to hounds, is proving that there is nothing disfiguring or offensive in the sight of a lady adopting this equestrian fashion, and doubtless her example will be followed by many horsewomen. For some years past little girls have been taught to ride astride as a matter of course, a case in point being that of Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, the only daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, who, as a child, used to wear a charming Cavalier coat, which gave the impression of a short riding-habit.



LA MILO IN OTHER GUISE:  
THE FAMOUS "LIVING STATUE" IN COSTUME PARTS.



1. LA MILO.

2. LA MILO AS MUSETTE IN "THE FORTUNE-TELLER."

3. LA MILO AS LUCY MANETTE IN "THE ONLY WAY."

4. LA MILO IN THE PANTOMIME "SINDBAD THE SAILOR."

La Milo, who appeared with such extraordinary success at the London Pavilion, where she met with the approval of Mr. Stead and the disapproval of Mrs. Chant, begins a twenty-four weeks' Moss and Stoll tour on Nov. 5.

Exclusive Photographs for "The Sketch."





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**The Meetings of Political Enemies.**

There is no incongruity in the fact that Mr. Haldane and Mr. Balfour are to occupy the same platform at Edinburgh University on Friday. Their friends see in them, politics apart, men of very much the same type of mind. On the occasion of his last public visit to Scotland, the ex-Prime Minister travelled in the same train as his successor, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Public life brings many strange meetings. The late Lord Salisbury, it is understood, never met Parnell, but an invitation to dine with the then Prince of Wales brought him the fellowship of men as far divided politically as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Morley, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith, as well as Lords Rosebery and Herschell and Sir William Harcourt. It was a public lunch which threw Gladstone and Disraeli together in amity. The first-named had just "retired"; Disraeli had succeeded him. "You *must* come back; indeed we must have you back," said Dizzy. Gladstone declared such a course impossible; which prompted his rival to turn to Dean Stanley with the characteristic comment, "You see, it is the wrath of Achilles."

**Strange Greeting Places.**

Historic friendships have begun in strange meeting-places. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain were first brought together by Lord Randolph Churchill at one of the last places in the world at which one would have expected to hear of the head of the house of Cecil—the Turf Club. Dickens and Sir Richard Owen first met in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre. Hogarth and Johnson met at the house of Samuel Richardson. Neither knew the other, and the painter, after listening to the discourse of the lexicographer, thought him mad—or inspired. Soult saw Wellington, who had never met Byron, for the first time after hostilities were ended. Wellington had seen his rival through the smoke of battle. When the last blow had been struck, the two warriors met, travelling post in different directions; on the Bordeaux Road. Soult, hearing who was in the other carriage, looked in and carefully eyed the occupant; then passed on his way. Wellington was fast asleep.

**Censored Letters.**

The Hohenlohe Memoirs are not the first which have fallen under the ban of the German Emperor. A frankly written story of the German Court, published two years ago, was suppressed in the Fatherland. This sort of thing only popularises a book. Stolen sweets are pleasant. That suppressed "Secret History of the Court of England," attributed to Lady Anne Hamilton, is said to have realised as much as one thousand pounds a copy of late years. The indispensable "Greville Memoirs" were not published without incurring the censure of Queen Victoria. She sent Henry Reeve, their editor, a strong message of disapproval.

She regarded the revelations as disparaging to her family and as tending to weaken the monarchy, and disapproved of the work as issuing from the hands of an official personage. He replied that the book showed that, if the monarchy had really been endangered, it was by the depravity of George IV. and the absurdities of William IV., but that under her Majesty's reign it had become stronger than ever. But the Queen's displeasure was lasting, and his biographer attributes to the publication of "Greville" the fact that Reeve never received his K.C.B.



UNCONSCIOUS IRONY: THE UNDRAPED STATUE IN THE HALL OF THE DRAPERS' COMPANY!

Photo. S. B. Bolas.

**A Dear Compliment.**

Taximeter or no taximeter, Cabby will remain the same good hand at making the fare two shillings where one legally should suffice. His hansom may become a motor; he himself will continue a growler. So long as in his passion for screwing the last possible halfpenny out of his patrons he does not lose his good-humour, he may still be tolerated and almost forgiven his many sins. But he is degenerating into a pessimist of the first magnitude. He has so long simulated dissatisfaction with his fare that the condition has become a chronic reality with him. Only a couple of examples are on record of obviously happy cabmen. One drove Huxley to a meeting, and refused to take any money, saying that he had derived too great benefit from the scientist's lectures for that; the honour of driving him was sufficient. The other was a man to whom Lord John Russell gave a sovereign in mistake for a shilling. Next night he mentioned the matter to the man, who admitted having received the coin. "What have you done with it?" asked Lord John. "Bought a new pair of boots with it, my Lord!" was the answer, as he stuck out his feet. "And look, my Lord, they're Russells, not Wellingtons." The statesman bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment, and left the victor the spoils.

**Doctor v. Patient.**

The cry of the doctors is still heard in the land. They continue to lament, or the lay Press laments on their behalf, that there is nothing for them to do, or, at any rate, "no money in it." One member of the faculty, who has a large and not specially remunerative practice, got the better of a duel the other day with a niggard who wanted his medicine for nothing; or, if not for nothing, at the cost price of the drugs. The medico gave him the choice of all his stock—but left him to do the mixing for himself. But if the doctor's account comes to be analysed and payment offered for only part, the advantage is not inevitably with the man who should be paid. In a contest of the sort between a doctor and one of his patients the latter got decidedly the better of the argument. The bill was a heavy one for physic and attendance. "We'll split it," said the patient, as he ran his eye over the items. "I wish to be perfectly fair with you. I will pay for the medicine. The visits I will return."



✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD -- OF WOMEN! ✠ ✠



AN ENGLISH ACTRESS HONOURED BY THE KAISER: MISS MAUDIE SHARPLES.

Miss Sharples, who has become very popular on the German stage, recently sang a song, written and composed by herself, in which she glorified the German Navy. This pleased the Kaiser so much that he commanded the song to be given before him, and rewarded the singer with a handsome fee and a brooch bearing the Imperial cypher in diamonds.



THE ACTRESS-FOUNDER OF A "HOME FOR DECAYED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF TITLE."

La Bella Florida, the well-known Spanish actress, has just succeeded in startling Madrid and gaining an excellent advertisement by founding a "home for ladies and gentlemen of title," who, through no fault of their own, have fallen on evil days.



SYMPATHISED WITH BY THE KAISER: FRÄULEIN ELSA WALTER.

On hearing of the tragic death of Fräulein Reta Walter, the Kaiser telegraphed to the murdered actress's sister Elsa, expressing his horror at the deed, and his sympathy with the dead prima-donna's relations. The act shows once again his Imperial Majesty's desire to be in touch with every class of his people.



A PRINCESS WHO, IT IS SAID, MAY BE DIVORCED: THE GRAND DUCHESS ERNST OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

It is said that the Grand-Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse-Darmstadt is about to seek divorce from his wife on the ground of incompatibility of temper, a move with which the Tsaritsa is said to disagree strongly. Much sympathy is felt for the Grand Duchess.



"MORE ENGLISH THAN THE ENGLISH": THE DUCHESS DE GUISE.

Certain of the Danish papers have been indulging in strictures on the Duc and Duchesse de Guise on account of the favour they show for only English fashions. Danes refer to them scoffingly as "more English than the English."



A QUEEN WHO HAS PRESENTED A REPRODUCTION OF "THE CHEAT" TO BRIDGE-PLAYERS.

Queen Charlotte of Württemberg, who is known as "the best bridge-player in Germany," gave her first bridge party of the season recently. The prize was a reproduction of the Hon. John Collier's famous painting, "The Cheat."



A PRINCESS WHO DINED IN THE DRESS OF A COLUMBINE.

The Hereditary Prince of Wied and his wife recently caused considerable comment by giving a dinner at which the guests wore cardboard masks representing the heads of wild animals. The Prince wore the dress of a clown; the Princess that of a columbine.



AN ACTRESS WHO HAS SOLD A KISS TO M. FALLIÈRES; Mlle. LOUISE STOCK.

Mlle. Louise Stock, the Anglo-French singer, recently sold 150 kisses at 20 francs apiece at a Charity Bazaar at St. Malo. Among the lady's customers was the French President, who, it may be noted, made the purchase in the presence of Mme. Fallières.



A ROYAL COMPOSER OF "AFTER-DINNER SONGS": PRINCESS CHARLES OF SWEDEN.

There were recently published in Stockholm six "After-Dinner Songs," which are said to have been written by Prince Charles of Sweden and set to music by his wife. Certain believers in the "divinity" of royalty think the issue *infra dig*.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE NEW BELLE OF MAYFAIR—THE SAVOY.

WHO can pretend that British drama is in an unhealthy state when we find the whole of London thrilled by the events at the Vaudeville Theatre which have culminated in the retirement of Miss Edna May, the triumph of Miss Camille Clifford, the withdrawal from school of Miss Phyllis Dare and her elevation to the post of star, and the issue of a writ by Miss Ethel Newman, who considers that her performances as understudy entitle her to take Miss May's place! "Isn't it frightfully thrilling?" No wonder the theatre was packed by people anxious to see and hear the little maid from school, and that by means of her talent, beauty, and youth she enjoyed a triumph. "Phyllis is my only joy," was the quotation murmured by one enthusiast, and it involved a comparison and criticism which I do not venture to make. Happy, healthy British drama, that can enjoy such glories of the star system, and smile scornfully at the efforts of M. Antoine, who, as director of the Odéon, actually is going to put down the names of the performers in alphabetical hierarchy, which seems hardly as good an innovation as that of the Incorporated Stage Society in setting out the names of the players in the order in which the characters appear! Of course the house was anxious to hear Miss Camille Clifford in the now famous song, "Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?"—some churlish folk may say that the answer to the question is on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. With such stars—and it is hoped they will not fight in their courses—the Vaudeville seems sure of success; and luckily it has a reserve fund in such really admirable artists, as Miss Louie Pounds, and Mr. Courtice Pounds, whose work needs no bush.

The name of Pounds brings me naturally to the proposed revival at the Savoy Theatre of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. At the present moment there seems to exist some uncertainty as to when the revivals are to begin, and whether there is to be a revival of the whole series or not. There is no uncertainty as to the feelings of many playgoers towards the venture, and doubt seems hardly possible as to its success, assuming, and one may very well make the assumption, that Mrs. D'Oily Carte selects her company wisely, and that the old system of paying reverence to the book and the score prevails.

Why should the West End wait? is a question that may be asked fairly. Greater London and the provinces have been able to refresh themselves with the pure, dry, fine humour and sparkling music of the famous partners since the Savoy Theatre fell from its high estate. I read that last week, at the Camden Theatre, "The Mikado," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Iolanthe," "The Pirates of Penzance," and "Trial by Jury" were presented, and that "The Gondoliers," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "Patience," and "Princess Ida" are to follow within the fortnight, and I am told that the Camden audiences showed signs of great delight in the entertainment. It is less

than a day's journey to Camden Town, and its inhabitants do not differ radically from the people of Bloomsbury (I should, perhaps, have said the *natives* of Bloomsbury) or Bayswater. It cannot be that the Camdenites have less jaded palates or essentially finer tastes, or are less sophisticated. They know the fierce joys of musical comedy, its warm and sometimes rather clammy sentiment, its superb scorn of form, its audaciously ancient humours, its generously feminine flavour, its bold action on the principle "If you don't like the pickles, try the sauce," and its stern avoidance of subtlety or appeal to the intellect. For the Camden Theatre—a very comfortable house, and handsome too, according to the ideas of our theatre-decorators—has given its hospitality to the triumphs of the pieces generally manufactured by many hands. If, then, the Northerners can still take joy in "The Mikado," why should not we?

Yet if the revival is to be of less than a complete series, the Japanese work is one that I should keep in reserve. In my opinion, "H.M.S. Pinafore" would prove the trump, though I believe that in the set Mrs. Carte has a "no trump" hand. Later works had more subtlety in humour, and the Sullivan music grew in technical excellence, but the actual comic invention of both was at its height in "Pinafore," and it has more breadth than any, and more of the true universal flavour. One can hardly imagine a civilised country or a coming time, even if the most repulsive of modern concepts of Utopia be reached, when some of its points will not tell. It would have been a successful satire at a date a hundred years before its birth. And the music is irresistible.

Will there be a difficulty in finding the right players? I think not. Some memories will never be effaced, but

if the old system of rigid obedience to the stage-manager be followed, there is ample material for performances quite as good as ever were given. Injustice, of course, will be done to the new hands. However admirable the work of fresh Savoyards, adverse comparisons will be made by old birds in sentences beginning with "Ah, but you should have seen," or "Ah, but you should have heard." Yet, since the days when the Savoy first-nights rivalled in splendour the Lyceum *premières*, and drew to the theatre the leaders of science, art, and the professions, a generation has grown up unable to make the comparisons and competent to take absolute enjoyment in the novel crop of Savoyards. The present generation, no doubt, will miss one pleasure—that of anticipation and surprise. The skilfully contrived secrecy as to plot and details gave to the original first-nighter a thrill impossible now that the books have all been printed. An audience of to-day will know almost every word and bar before it comes, and cannot have quite our joy. Still, it will have quite sufficient pleasure unless its palate be vitiated, which can hardly be the case. For I hear that "Amasis" shows signs of being a great success, and this is evidence that the taste for the qualities which distinguish Mr. Gilbert's books is not dead.

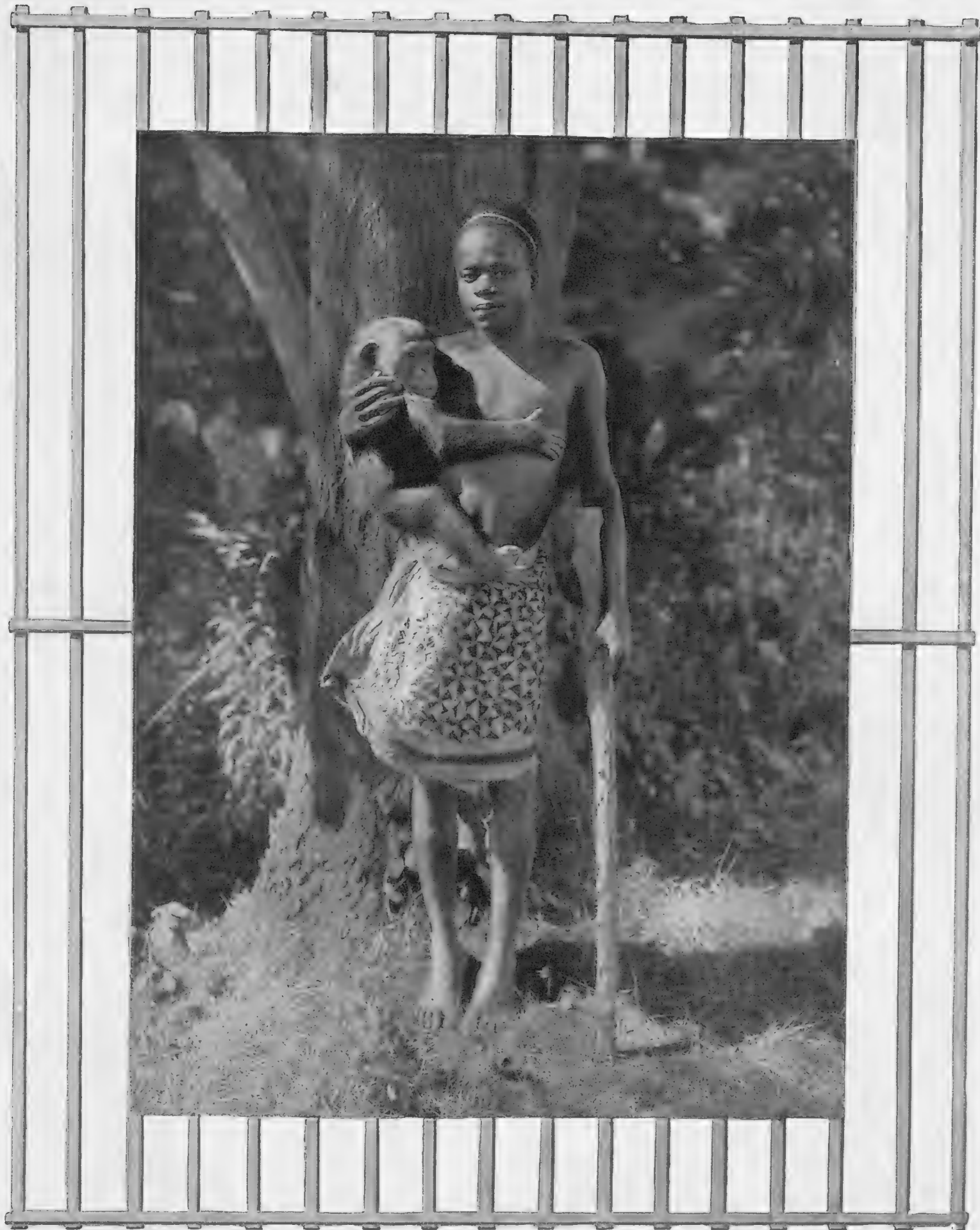


PORTRAITS OF STAGE FAVOURITES AS MENU-DECORATIONS: A GROUP OF THE MENU-CARDS AT A RECENT SUPPER AT THE CARLTON.

The supper given the other day in celebration of Mr. George Edwardes's birthday was marked by a new idea in menus, each card bearing a photograph of a theatrical favourite or of a scene from a play. The idea has been registered.



## NEW YORK'S "GREAT HOT-WEATHER SENSATION."



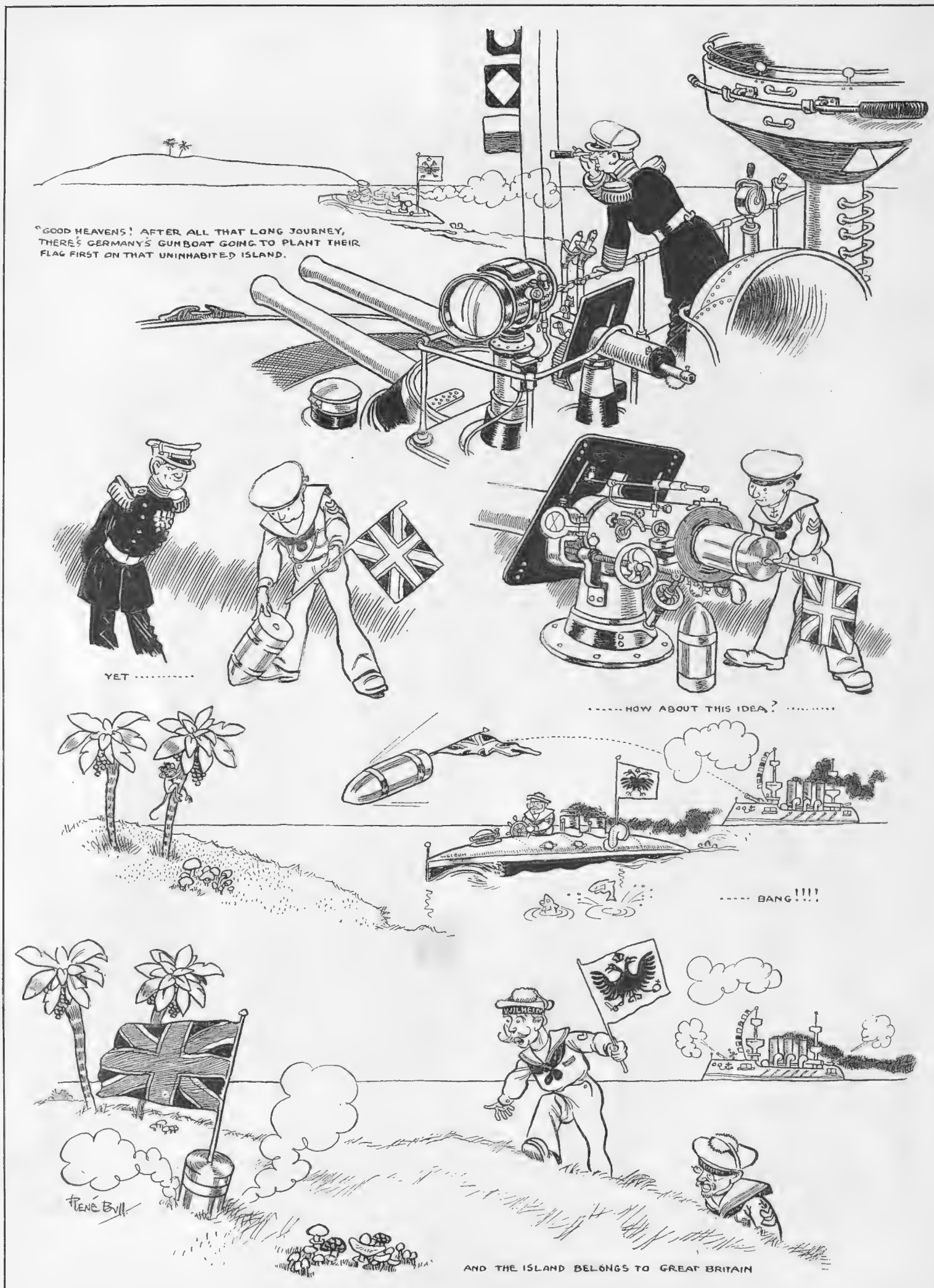
OTA BENGA, THE PIGMY WHOSE APPEARANCE IN THE ORANG-OUTANG'S CAGE AT THE NEW YORK "ZOO" CAUSED MUCH OUTCRY.

It will be remembered that much indignation was caused amongst a certain class in America by the statement that Ota Benga, the African pigmy whose portrait we give, was being exhibited in the same cage as orang-outangs at the New York Zoological Park. The Director of the Park, who, at our request, courteously sent us the photograph reproduced above, assures us that the outcry was merely a "great hot-weather sensation." He writes: "I hope you will not pay any attention to the newspaper sensation that was manufactured for the occasion on the alleged ground of an 'insult to the African race' in our permitting the pigmy to spend a month here in our employ. The indignation of the coloured ministers was manufactured for the occasion, and it was literally a case of 'great cry and little wool.' The presence of the pigmy in a cage was really quite accidental. He was seen in a cage only three times, and each time entered of his own accord and for his own purposes. Once he was actually seen in the cage with the orang-outang, playing with the creature, because of his friendliness for the animal. This is absolutely all there is of truth in the great hot-weather sensation." Ota, who comes from the neighbourhood of one of the southern tributaries of the Congo, is one of the Bâchichi tribe, is 4 ft. 11 in. high, and about twenty-three years old. He has been married twice.

*Photograph specially supplied to "The Sketch" by Mr. William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park.*



## WILL THE KAISER PLEASE WIRE.



OUR NAVY ANNEXES ANOTHER ISLAND.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



A DEAD DOG'S BETTER THAN A LIVE LION.



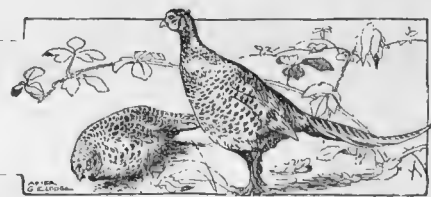
LOCAL POLITICIAN: Of course, trade's bad. What we want is more real live men to wake things up a bit.  
MONUMENTAL MASON: What I want is more real dead 'uns.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



## WEEK-END PAPERS

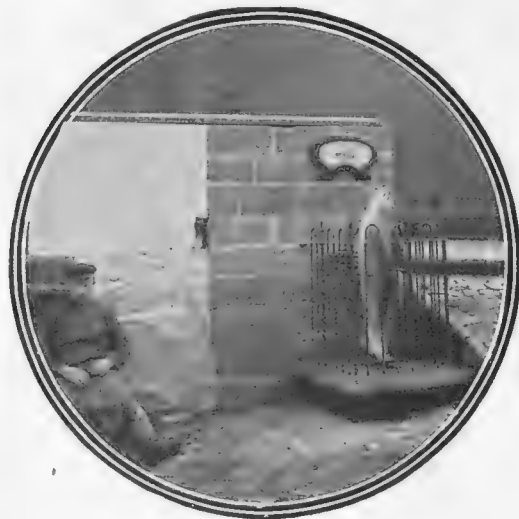
By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*The Path Across Spain.*

In sundry villages of Spain and Portugal, lying right in the line of autumn migration, I have made repeated inquiries to find out whether the villagers have taken note of the passing birds. In some places I have been told that there are autumn days when the fields are

covered with birds that have stayed to rest, but I have never succeeded in being on the spot during the season of migration, and have not been able to satisfy my doubt as to the nature of the birds seen. Now and again I have heard of swallows driven out of their course by adverse wind, and crowding the telegraph-wires as far as the eye can see, and I have been assured that larks have been seen in the same place under similar conditions; but among the uneducated peasantry of Spain and Portugal there would seem to be only two classes of birds—those that are good to eat and those that are not. It is

when I was spending October on the East Anglian coast, there was a great fall of woodcock. They came on to the "saltings" from over sea, probably from Scandinavia, and arrived in a very distressed condition. I shot one or two which rose in front of the gun as easily as though they had been blackbirds startled out of a hedge, but found they had little more on them than skin and bone. I didn't seek to shoot any more. For two or three days they could be seen on and round the "saltings," never in any quantity and never together, but it was possible to flush half-a-dozen or more in the course of a morning's walk. Then they disappeared, and were to be found in the woods as much as two or three miles away, where they gave good sport and were reported to be in good condition. It is reasonable enough to suggest that these birds had been driven out of their course by stress of weather, and arrived very hungry and exhausted. As far as can be seen, they require a very considerable amount of food at short intervals. If their proper supplies are cut off for any time, they become weak and helpless and soon die.



A CODFISH THAT COLLECTS FOR A LIFEBOAT.

Our photograph shows what is perhaps the most curious form of collecting-box in England. It is a large model of a cod, with mouth open, cast in metal. It is to be seen at Robin Hood's Bay, in Yorkshire, and is the only one of its kind known to the National Lifeboat Institution. Its novelty appeals to many who might not give were they not so attracted, and it earns many a copper.

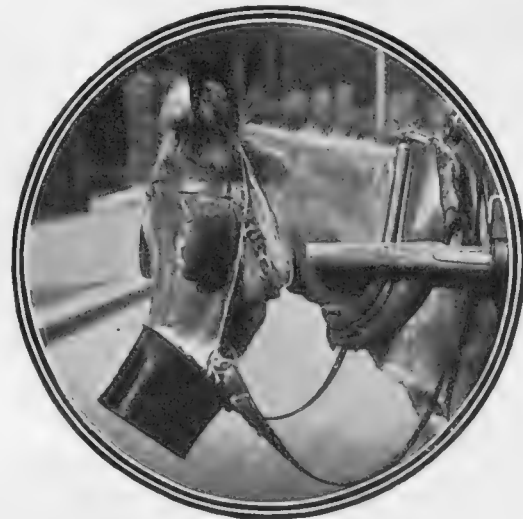
Photograph by Sanders.

a matter of wonder to these simple folk that people who pretend to be sane and reasonable should take any interest in the latter kind. I have often thought that students of the problem of migration would do well to spend the autumn in the Iberian Peninsula.

*Good Resting-Places.* The line of flight to Africa seems to stretch across Spain and Portugal, and it is clear that birds requiring a rest have an excellent chance to find it in a country where the inhabitants are very few to the square mile. Indeed, in the provinces of Western Spain, in Estremadura, and parts of Leon, where the population can be little more than fifty to the square mile, the *agostaderos*, or high pasture-lands, are deserted entirely by men and cattle about the season when the autumn migration is in full swing, and there must be countless miles of country where migrating birds can, and doubtless do, settle in complete security. If they see any living things at all, they would doubtless be the swine that roam over the country as they did in the days when Pope Alexander VI. was good enough to make the Spaniards a present of America.

*World Policy and Natural History.* In those days the policy of the Spanish Government was to encourage emigration by every means in its power. The people responded to their Government, and the great western pasture-lands were deserted. They have never been inhabited to any great extent since, and doubtless birds have grown accustomed to follow the line of country where vast tracts of land are to be found entirely neglected by man. Many years must pass before migrants need to look for a fresh line of flight.

*The Woodcock.* Among the migrating birds that seem to come to us in October the woodcock would appear to suffer very considerably from the journey. Some years ago,



AN OLD "TOPPER" AS A NOSEBAG FOR A DONKEY.

Among the articles of cast-off clothing sent to the Southwark Diocesan Society for distribution among the poor of South London are a number of top hats. These are given to a needy and ingenious old man who lives in the Old Kent Road. He removes the brims from them, fits string to them, and sells them to costermongers at a penny each for use as nosebags by their donkeys.

Photograph by Twycross.



AN 87-LB. CABBAGE.

The gigantic cabbage illustrated, which weighs 87 lb. and is 9 feet 7 inches in diameter, is one of twenty similar grown by Mr. A. Nisbet, of Kirkfieldbank, Lanarkshire.

Photograph by Rogers.

*The Line of Flight.*

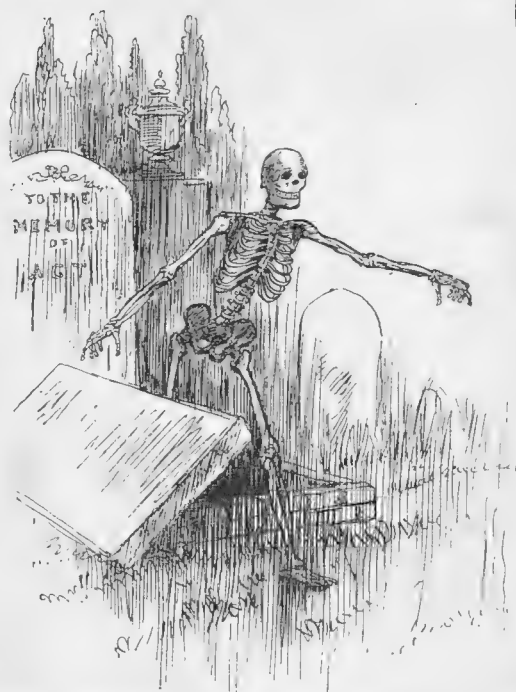
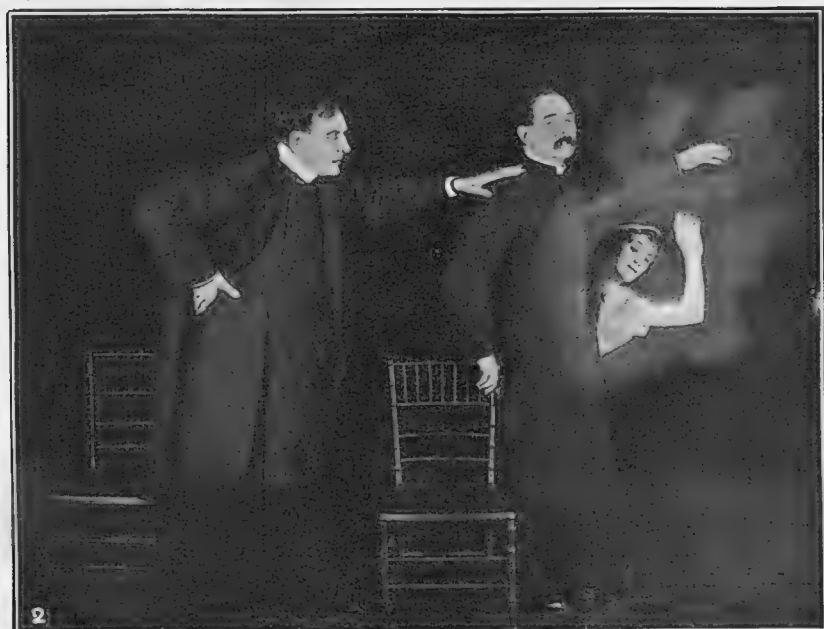
There must be many different roads by which birds travel to these shores. As I have said, there are times in October when one may safely look to find woodcock coming to the shores of East Anglia, but they seem to come to Scotland much earlier in the year, for at the end of August last I was shooting in Peeblesshire with a friend who had secured five woodcock in one morning on a stretch of soft ground by the side of a burn, where heather and bracken and cotton grasses were growing in haphazard fashion. It is hardly likely that these birds were born in Scotland, or that they had even passed the spring there. It is probable that they were very early migrants, bound, possibly, for Ireland, and stopping a while on their way. The going and coming of birds is hard indeed to explain. How is it, for example, that snipe follow the wet days to likely feeding-grounds, and disappear from the land as soon as the weather becomes hot and the land dry? Where do they come from? Whither do they go? How far can they travel? These questions must interest naturalists and sportsmen alike. I was coming over some marshy land a month or two ago at a moment when a long spell of fine weather had suddenly given place to rain. At the edge of the ground I shot a snipe that was like a skeleton; it didn't seem to have an ounce of flesh on its body.

Clearly it had come from some part where feeding was very scanty in the hope of enjoying good fare at last. Unfortunately, when a snipe gets up there is nothing to do but shoot; you cannot tell the bird's condition until you hold it in your hand, and, for reasons best known to itself, no snipe that I have ever encountered has offered to submit to such a test of fitness.



## PRODUCING A £1000 SPIRIT FROM A MAN'S SIDE:

THE ILLUSION WHICH MR. MASKELYNE CLAIMS HAS WON HIM A £1000 CHALLENGE.



1. THE HAND OF THE "SPIRIT" FIRST APPEARS—

2. TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE UPPER PART OF THE BODY—

3. AND, FINALLY, BY THE WHOLE BODY.

The new illusion which Mr. J. N. Maskelyne is producing at the St. George's Hall under the title, "A Side Issue," is the result of certain letters on spiritualism that passed between Mr. Maskelyne and Archdeacon Colley. Archdeacon Colley volunteered to forfeit £1000 if Mr. Maskelyne, as a conjurer, could reproduce a phenomenon which the Archdeacon declared had been produced by Dr. Monk as a medium. Mr. Maskelyne has described his illusion thus: "I fall into a trance, and then a vapour curls out of my side. The so-called materialisation begins. First a hand, then other parts of the body appear, until the whole living, moving form stands revealed." The £1000 has been duly claimed, and Mr. Maskelyne has announced that he will sue the Archdeacon if the money is not forthcoming. The Archdeacon is, it is said, to issue a writ for libel against Mr. Maskelyne. In the illusion Mr. Maskelyne plays the Clergyman; Mr. J. B. Hansard, the Archdeacon; and Miss Cassie Bruce, the "Spirit."—[Photographs lent by Mr. Maskelyne.]

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE autumn announcements for this year are unusually full and informed. The *Publisher's Circular* devotes a special number to recording them, and justly says that they afford proof of the strong and confident position of the publishing trade in the United Kingdom. The *Circular* is of opinion that the improved outlook for the book trade at home and abroad is due to the introduction of the net-book system. Perhaps it is equally due to the increase in the taste for reading. Amid all excursions and alarms, more books are bought every year. Is the supply excessive? It is usually said that there are too many novels. I am not sure that there are, considering how many people read novels now. Bishop Stubbs and Bishop Thirlwall, two of the most eminent prelates in the Church of England, were always reading novels. Mrs. Witterley is still among us. There is a really large class of people in this country who want a new novel almost every week. They will not read old books, and although many novels are published, it cannot be said that each week yields two books worth reading. Of course, there are many who deliberately prefer trash, and their wants are supplied. There are authors who are glad to go on year after year producing new novels for £40 each.

We shall have very soon the two volumes of Mrs. Pennell's *Life of Charles Godfrey Leland*. I am somewhat surprised that the autobiography which Leland issued himself in 1893 appears to be completely forgotten. It is a racy book in its way, for Leland frankly declared that his intention was egoistic. He did not despise good, gossipy reminiscences of other people, in which the writer remained unseen, as the operator of a "Punch" exhibition while he displayed his puppets. But Leland did not mean to efface himself, and thought that to write an autobiography the author should say something about himself. He said: "It may be, therefore, that in days to come my book will be regarded with some interest as a curious relic of a barbarous age, and written in a style long passed away." There are men who will talk enough about their friends, but are deeply reticent on their own experiences. Leland recognised this when he mentioned that Lord Napier of Magdala "told me that he believed I was the only person to whom he had ever fully narrated his experiences of the Siege of Lucknow. He seemed to be surprised at having so forgotten himself. In ancient Viking days the hero made his debut in every society with a 'Me voici, mes enfants. Listen, if you want to be astonished!' and proceeded to tell how he had smashed the heads of Kings, and mashed the hearts of maidens, and done great deeds all round. It was bad form; and yet we should never have known much about Regner Lodbrog but for such a canticle." Accordingly, in the autobiography we hear little of outside people, but Mrs. Pennell may be trusted to make that defect good so far as she possesses the materials.

An interesting story is told in connection with the title of Mrs. Craigie's posthumous novel, "The Dream and the Business." One very dull evening in early spring, when the mists were hanging low over Madison Square, New York, Mrs. Edith Wharton, the American novelist, was walking with a friend in the neighbourhood. Suddenly the tower of Madison Square Garden became illuminated, throwing into strange contrast the hurrying, moving throngs beneath. Turning to her companion, the author of "The House of Mirth" said: "Behold a dream amid the business." The friend later on discovered the misquotation. The passage reads: "For a dream cometh through the multitude of business."

Mr. John Lane has published a clever and thoughtful book under the somewhat pretentious and disagreeable title of "The Secret Life: Being the Book of a Heretic." Those who are led to look for anything startling in the way of heresy will be disappointed. Indeed, on some crucial points the author, who tells us that she is an American lady, is rigidly conservative. In philosophy she is a disciple of eminent foreigners whose names she cannot spell properly. But when all abatements are made, there remains an element of sense and strength in the volume, and it is distinctly worth reading. The writer considers that American women hold a general position far inferior to the women of Europe; that the American man, while pre-eminently generous to them in material things, denies them his own society; that the middle-aged or elderly woman in America has no place except as the mother of her daughters or the dispenser of her husband's hospitalities and charities. "After the period of sex-attraction has passed, women have no power in America."

"The Recollections of My Childhood and Youth," by George Brandes, just published by Mr. Heinemann in an excellent translation, contains some interesting notes on John Stuart Mill. Of Mill, who for a time practically dominated

Victorian thought, we know little personally, except from his autobiography, and I understand that no edition of his correspondence will be published. Mill visited young Brandes in Paris, stayed two hours with him, and won his affections completely. Mill had no personal acquaintances in Paris, though he was a great admirer of French history and French intellectual life. In the philosopher Brandes found a figure who was the incarnation of the ideal he had drawn for himself. This ideal had two sides: talent and character; great capacities and inflexibility. Mill was willing to listen attentively to counter-arguments on every subject except his attitude on the woman question. Very soon after, Brandes crossed to London, and as often as he could he took the train to Blackheath to visit John Stuart Mill. He tells us very little of his intercourse with Mill, except that the philosopher informed him that he had not read a line of Hegel, either in the original or in translation, and regarded the entire Hegelian philosophy as sterile and empty sophistry. o. o.



THE "POOR" ARTIST (who has shown drawings before): Heavens! That must be the Editor's footprint. I won't risk it!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

N.B.—The Editor disclaims the footprint in question. No Editor could afford the outlay on boot-leather necessitated by a pair of such feet.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

BEING THE STORY OF A CANINE RAKEWELL.



VIII.—AND LAST.—HE IS ADOPTED BY A DEAR OLD LADY, AND REMOVED FROM TEMPTATION.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A HUSBAND'S SACRIFICE:

A TALE OF ADVERTISEMENT.

BY MARGARET YVONNE LINDSAY.



"SAY, Mister, this is a smart little place you've got!" Nathaniel Hawkins paused in his occupation of hoeing potatoes and raised

his head as the pronounced American twang reached his ears. Glancing in the direction whence the voice proceeded, he saw a long, lanky man leaning in friendly fashion over the garden gate, his round, soft felt hat pushed back from a sallow countenance, which was animated by a pair of preternaturally bright, greenish eyes.

"Yes," said Nathaniel shortly, and continued to hoe his potato-patch with an air of listless depression.

"Is it your own?" presently inquired the stranger, with that irrepressible love of asking questions peculiar to your true American.

"Yes," came again from the lips of Nathaniel; but this time he drew himself up to his full height, and leaning on his hoe, looked round as he repeated proudly, "Yes," adding, "It was left me by my grandmother." Then he returned to the hoeing of his potatoes with a sudden access of depression in his manner.

"Got a mortgage on it?" inquired the insatiable Yankee, doubtless thinking that he had touched on the cause of its owner's evident lack of spirits.

"What's that to you?" demanded Nathaniel fiercely, turning his back on his interlocutor, who thereupon remained silent for the space of at least one minute; then—

"Say, Mister, would you like to make fifty dollars—that's a ten-pound note—this week?"

Nathaniel turned round and faced the stranger with a passionate gesture of despair.

"A ten-pound note this week?" he cried. "I'd give my life's blood for it!"

"Good!" ejaculated the American, his lantern jaws expanding in a beaming smile as he unlatched the gate and entered the garden. "Shake!" and he laconically extended a long, thin hand. "You needn't jump to the conclusion, though, that I want anything so gory as your life's blood, boss. I only calculate to decorate your little property for you and liven it up a bit, that's all."

Nathaniel Hawkins's tanned, weather-beaten face took on an expression of blank bewilderment as he gazed up at the man bending towards him.

"I'm the principal European agent for Jabez E. Pullerton," drawled the American, ineffable pride in his voice, "and I opine I'm going to make 'Pullerton's Purple Pills' a motto in every single household in the United Kingdom before I quit these hospitable shores. There's nothing that Pullerton's Purple Pills won't accomplish, that's a fact; and it's my business to open the eyes of the Britishers to the truth; and now you've got to help me right away."

"I help you?" stammered Nathaniel, completely taken aback.

"Yes, Mister," asserted the stranger imperturbably. "I spotted your little place from the railway carriage as I passed. That's the location for me," I cried, and out I jumped when the train stopped; and here I am."

"But, what—how—?" began Nathaniel.

"How will you earn that ten-pound note? Why, by signing a guarantee that you will allow the windmill advertisement that I am going to erect on your lawn to remain there for a twelvemonth. It's a beautiful affair, you bet, invented by yours to command; painted in seven shades of purple, Sir; and each side of its four wings sets forth some of the different marvellous qualities possessed by Pullerton's Purple Pills; and I'll warrant it to gyrate with the lightest breeze that's going."

The speaker, too absorbed in thus unctuously detailing the perfections of his patent advertisement, had failed to observe the growing wrath in the eyes of Nathaniel Hawkins, or the sudden, unnatural

pallor of his face, and he absolutely jumped when Nathaniel turned upon him with concentrated ferocity.

"You dare, you vulgar, advertising American, you dare to suggest that I should have one of those vile, inartistic sign-boards on *my* lawn in front of my own grandmother's cottage! Have you no sense of the fitness of thing? Sticking a hideous modern advertisement right in front of an old-fashioned, picturesque cottage, and on a lawn surrounded by box hedges over a hundred years old! Go and put up your hideous windmill in a field given over to pigs—it wouldn't be incongruous there; but don't you imagine I would ever defile *my* property by such a monstrosity. Good day, Sir," and Nathaniel turned on his heel with ill-suppressed rage at what he evidently considered an unpardonable insult.

The American's jaw dropped, and for the moment his crestfallen air verged on the ludicrous. He had mistaken his man this time, without doubt. But who on earth would have credited a British workman with a sense of high art? Why, the very idea was preposterous.

"Say, boss," he drawled a minute later, "you seemed mighty keen on that ten-pound note a few minutes ago. Mind telling me what you wanted it for?"

Nathaniel turned round, and stopped short as if petrified.

"My wife," he faltered. "The doctors say her only chance is to get into a convalescent home by the sea. I've got her a ticket for one, but I can't lay my hands on a sixpence to pay her expenses."

"And you talk of giving your life's blood for a ten-pound note, and then get mad at my proposal to give you one just for allowing an elegant advertisement-board to stand in your back-garden for a twelvemonth. Oh, Jehoshaphat!"

The American's scorn was as the lash of a whip on Nathaniel's face.

"It would be so terribly incongruous," he pleaded falteringly.

"But your wife——?"

The look of agonised despair shining out of Nathaniel's honest, if visionary, eyes touched the American almost in spite of himself, and his keen face softened.

"Tell ye what, boss: take a few hours to think it over, and I'll call back this afternoon. So long!" And, with a nod and half-a-dozen strides, he was out at the gate and was passing rapidly down the winding country lane.

## II.

Left to himself, Nathaniel remained motionless for several minutes, a host of conflicting thoughts running riot in his mind. Then, suddenly pulling from his pocket an antiquated silver fob, he uttered a low exclamation, and dropping his hoe, hastened towards the cottage. Entering the open door on tip-toe, he crept silently down the tiny passage and peeped into the room at the further end. An exquisitely clean, tiny bedroom, the latticed windows draped with lilliputian white muslin curtains edged with frills; the bed hung with snowy dimity; and lying there, a fair young girl, at least thirty years younger than the man now peeping in at the doorway with bated breath.

The refined, delicate profile of the invalid looked almost ethereal in the softly shaded room: and her golden curls—those curls which Nathaniel had once confided to a friend were "quite transcendent"—were now tumbled over the pillow in wild disorder, telling their tale of the restless weariness that comes of a weakness that is nigh unto death. She had just fallen into a light doze, and Nathaniel, unwilling to disturb her, even though the hour for her medicine had arrived, left the door ajar and tip-toed down the passage as far as the rustic porch, where he dropped upon the bench, there to remain within call of the invalid until such time as she should open her eyes.

Leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, Nathaniel, with a passionate glance at the velvety lawn stretched out before him, buried his face in his hands with an irrepressible groan, as he gave himself up to what was the fiercest conflict, the bitterest temptation of his life. Swayed by passions of almost equal strength—his love for the artistic fitness of things, and his love for his fair young wife—he rocked to and fro in an agony of indecision. Throughout his life, had he not avoided what he termed the "incongruous" as if it had been the deadliest of deadly sins? Yet, if only he had known it, there never existed a greater incongruity than he was himself.

[Continued overleaf.]



NOT PHYSICALLY QUEER.



THE LADY IN THE BONNET: Your little boy does look queer. D'yer think there's anything wrong with 'im physically?  
 THE LADY IN THE CAP: Physically, indeed! No, I'm sure there ain't. 'E 'asn't 'ad a drop o' physic in 'is life.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

Had Nathaniel Hawkins been born the eldest son of a peer of ancient lineage, or even a member of one of our good old county families, all incongruity would have vanished; or, rather, would never have come into existence. But as it was, he, the son and grandson of simple labouring folk, was nothing short of an anomaly in nature.

As he sat keeping his vigil in the tiny rustic porch, his thoughts unconsciously wandered back over the years to the days of his first situation at the Vicarage, where, as a little lad of twelve, he had cleaned the boots and knives and weeded the garden-paths. It was during the performance of this latter duty that the seeds had been sown in his heart which later on were to produce such remarkable results. It was then that the vital importance of genuine antiquity, the inimitable beauty of things old-fashioned, took root in his mind. The Vicar of those days was an ardent antiquary, and was wont to discuss his "finds" and his treasures with his pretty daughter Mary as they strolled up and down the broad gravelled walk in front of the house, where Nathaniel eradicated real or imaginary weeds with unflagging zeal, the while he stored up curious scraps of conversations. The Vicar was also a man who firmly believed in the bridgeless gulf of class distinction, and instilled this old-fashioned belief into his servants at the weekly Bible class he held for their benefit. And this teaching also remained for ever engraved on Nathaniel's mind. From one post at the Vicarage he had been promoted to another, till he accompanied the elder son to India as his valet and personal attendant. In the early days of the Mutiny, however, the Vicar's son was killed. Then, attaching himself to the heir of an ancient Earldom, Nathaniel, with the curiously selfless devotion peculiar to him, saved his new master's life at the peril of his own; nursed him through a long and tedious illness, and finally conveyed him to England and his noble parents, weak and shattered, but alive. It was a wrench to Nathaniel to quit the service of that family, who could boast a genuine feudal castle, where his artistic and aristocratic tastes could flourish apace, but, at the instance of his master himself, he was shortly afterwards induced to accompany the young Marquess of Donoghue on a lengthy tour in South America. What though the young Marquis was a hopeless spendthrift and was squandering his patrimony with both hands? His title was one of the most ancient in the kingdom, and that was quite enough for Nathaniel.

The end of three years saw Nathaniel once more in England, possessed of a considerable sum of money, thanks to a lucky speculation with his carefully hoarded earnings; and he forthwith opened a set of chambers for gentlemen of good family, himself to act as their valet. But the years brought this curiously minded man to the very verge of bankruptcy. He treated his lodgers with due regard to their lineage and aristocratic tastes; but, alas! their aristocratic purses were more often empty than full; and the Marquess of Donoghue and sundry of his friends traded mercilessly on the diffidence "good old Hawkins" displayed in presenting or pressing for his accounts. Thus it came about that one day Nathaniel found himself under the painful necessity of informing his aristocratic lodgers that the bailiffs would take possession on the following day. That was undoubtedly the most humiliating experience in the whole course of Nathaniel's existence; and it was with bitter chagrin at the incongruity of it all that he bade farewell to his patrons, and lent the Italian Count who had occupied his best suite of rooms a shilling to pay his cab fare.

A couple of weeks later occurred two even greater epochs in Nathaniel's life. He succeeded to the little property belonging to his deeply revered grandmother—was she not the nearest approach to an ancestor he would ever know?—and almost coincident with that event, he fell in love. For the very first time in his life, Nathaniel met a woman in his own rank of life who appealed to his super-sensitive, critical taste; who was refined in dress and manner; who was, so he told himself, as pretty as an angel, and whom he could not possibly deem "incongruous."

Woody with romantic letters and a bashful ardour, dainty Susannah Price was completely won when she received at last a letter which ran thus—

FAIR SUSANNAH,—Permit me to address you thus, and permit me also, I entreat you, to place my hand and heart at your disposal. All my worldly possessions will also be yours, if you will be so good as to permit me to lead you to the hymeneal altar.—Your very devoted, humble, and obedient servant, NATHANIEL HAWKINS.

P.S.—I deeply regret that circumstances, chiefly in the persons of a noble Marquess and a noble Count, who shall be nameless, have reduced the amount of my savings, which were considerable, but now are nil. Permit me to place before you the true state of my finances. I have in the country a small property of nearly two acres, on which stands a cottage, all left me by my late revered grandmother. If you can be persuaded to consider this letter favourably, I shall myself prepare this cottage so that it may be a suitable residence for one so fair as yourself, and the garden will enable us to keep poultry, pigs, and bees and to cultivate vegetables. I underline the word "us" with an anxious heart. N. H.

So Nathaniel married the pretty orphan girl, and all went gaily as a wedding-bell for the first year. But the following autumn saw him a victim to an acute attack of rheumatic fever; the garden became neglected and the pigs died; the fowls they had to eat, for food was scarce. Then, to add to their troubles, a summons came for a debt contracted in the old London days, and Nathaniel had to raise a small mortgage on his property. Then Susannah, always a delicate creature, fell ill. And so it had gone on, from one thing to another, till here he was, sitting in his porch, asking himself fiercely whether he would have to submit to what would surely be the crowning trial of his life—a vulgar American advertisement erected on the edge of his picturesque lawn!

"Nat!" cried a feeble voice from the room beyond. "Nat!"

Nathaniel was on his feet in an instant. Running his hand over his shaggy locks and grizzled brown beard, he gave himself a shake like a rough-coated dog, and, quietly stepping down the passage, he entered the bedroom.

"Are you awake, my girl?" he asked gently. "You were having a nice sleep when I peeped in before. Here's your physic," and he held a glass to her lips and supported the golden head with rough tenderness.

"I'm a poor creature, Nat," she sighed, as she sank back on the pillows. "Not much good of a wife for you."

"Now, Susannah," he expostulated, "don't waste your bit of strength talking rubbish. What do you think the postman brought this morning? An order for the Convalescent Home at Eastbourne from the Marquess of Donoghue. I told you I'd written to him about it," and Nathaniel produced a square, be-crested envelope with an air of triumph.

"Oh, Nat!" was all Susannah could say; but a light crept into her eyes which spoke volumes. She had been born and bred by the sea, and she alone knew the intensity with which, in her weakness, she craved for the life-giving breezes from off the ocean. "But there's no money for the journey, Nat," and the light died down in the pretty blue eyes.

"But that's just where you're wrong, my girl," he cried, with a treacherous break in his voice. "I shall have the money right enough this week, and you shall start on Monday, with me to take you there; so be quick and get strong enough for the journey."

### III.

"Well, boss, is it a bargain?" and the lanky American leaned against the quaint rustic porch and looked down at Nathaniel Hawkins, who had his eyes on the ground and was trying hard to appear indifferent.

"On thinking it over, I'm willing to meet you, Sir," he replied in level tones. "I don't deny it's a wrench, but I must have the money. If—if only you would mind not putting up your—your windmill," and Nathaniel gave an irrepressible gulp, "till after next Monday? I hope to get my wife off to Eastbourne on that day, and by the time she comes back she'll be stronger, I hope—and it won't be so much of a shock to her."

"That's all right, boss," returned the American heartily. "I don't want to hurt your feelings. There's a five-pound note down, and I'll give you ten pounds more when you sign that little agreement, and the windmill's in its place, twirling round. It's a rattling good situation for an advertisement, you bet; and between you and me, Pullerton's Purple Pills can stand the extra five-and-twenty dollars without winking. Just put your name to this," and Mr. Jabez E. Pullerton's representative produced a stamped form of receipt with a gorgeous purple heading, which Nathaniel duly signed.

A few weeks later, Nathaniel Hawkins met his wife at the junction some miles up the line, on her return from her visit to Eastbourne.

He was longing to see her again, but that was not the sole reason of his going to meet her at Swingham Junction. In his delight, however, at seeing her so well and bright and rosy, he all but lost sight of the real object of his journey: to prevent her catching sight of the monster advertisement for Pullerton's Purple Pills, as they passed it in the train.

"Doesn't the country look pretty?" he suggested, calling her attention to the landscape at the opposite side of the line to where their cottage stood.

"Yes, doesn't it?" she cried gaily. "And oh! Nat, wasn't it grand of the matron of the home to recommend her sister and little girl to come and lodge with us? They will pay twenty-five shillings a week, and may stay for a year if they like it; or even for all the three years that her husband is to be away. Doesn't it seem as if our troubles were over at last! Why, there's the train stopping, and I never looked out of the other window to see the cottage."

"Never mind, you will soon see it now," replied Nathaniel, with a sinking at his heart. "The fact is, Susannah," he stammered, as they walked along the lane, "there's been a little alteration—a little addition to the place since you left—and I hardly know how you will like it."

"Indeed—and pray what have you been up to in my absence?" demanded Susannah, with a musical little laugh, as she tucked her hand under her husband's arm. How good it was to be at home again, and to have Nat beside her!

"What! Is that the surprise?" she cried, a few minutes later, in an awestruck voice, as Nathaniel piloted her round to the lawn and the startling announcement relative to Pullerton's Purple Pills gyrated slowly before her wondering, widely opened eyes.

Nathaniel held his breath as he watched her face, in a state of agonised sympathy with her feelings of horror at the barbarous "incongruity."

"Well, I call it really grand," she cried at length. "The people in the trains can't see into our garden now half so plainly as they could before. And it's such a pretty advertisement—so uncommon! Don't you think so, Nat?"

But Nathaniel turned in silence towards the house.

This was "the most unkindest cut of all"!

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN Mr. Lewis Waller steps on to the stage of the Lyric this evening there will certainly go up a mighty shout of welcome, for he is one of the most popular actors on the boards. Scarcely, if at all, less marked will be the cordiality of Miss Evelyn Millard's greeting, while at the end of the play everyone will hope that Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. William Devereux, the authors, will be received with a similar clapping of hands to demonstrate the satisfaction their "Robin Hood" has given to the audience, which, it needs no prophetic power to foretell, will fill the theatre to its utmost capacity. All the familiar characters concerned in the legend of the most famous of the mediæval robbers will be reincarnated; and Richard Cœur de Lion, Prince John, Friar Tuck, John Little, whose name has been humorously metamorphosed into "Little John," Allan-a-Dale and Will Scarlet will all live and move and have their being in the persons of Mr. Philip Cunningham, Mr. William Devereux, Mr. A. E. George, Mr. Herbert Jarman, Mr. Cecil Cameron and Mr. Owen Roughwood. In addition there will be Mr. Waller in the name-part, and Miss Millard as Maid Marian. Others of the ladies engaged are Miss Georgie Esmond, and Miss Dorothy Minto.

For many months the public has been aware of the fact that Mr. George Edwardes intends to produce an English adaptation of "Les Merveilleuses," the libretto of which has been written by M. Sardou. The adaptation has been made by Captain Basil Hood, whose name is a guarantee in advance that the work has been done in a most efficient manner. The action of the play is during the Directoire, so that the dresses will have that element of picturesqueness which is one of the most sought-for qualities in musical plays. That the four scenes which will be set during the three acts will be elaborate and beautiful may be accepted as a foregone conclusion. More important than dresses and scenery, however, is the cast which Mr. George Edwardes has provided, including as it does Miss Evie Greene, Miss Mariette Sully, and Miss Denise Orme, Mr. George Graves, Mr. Robert Evett, Mr. Fred Kaye, Mr. W. H. Berry, Mr. Willie Warde, and Mr. Louis Bradfield, in addition to many clever people whose names are not so well known to the public.

Next Tuesday afternoon Mr. St. John Hankin, whose "Return of the Prodigal" made so great a success last season, will occupy the stage of the Court with his new comedy in four acts, "The Charity that Began at Home." The dozen characters are equally divided, there being six men and six women. Among the latter will be Miss Floren Haydon, Miss May Martyn, Miss

Margaret Murray, and Miss Agnes Thomas; and the half-dozen men will be played by Mr. Dennis Eadie, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Eugene Mayeur, Mr. Bert Thomas, Mr. Norman Page, and Mr. Ben Webster.

Tuesday evening, if present arrangements are not changed, will witness the production of "The Virgin Goddess," and will restore Mr. Oscar Asche to the interpretation of the chief male part of the piece, which he certainly did not have in "Tristram and Iseult." The other chief actors will be Mr. Alfred Brydone, Mr. Charles Rock, Mr. Walter Hampden, Mr. H. R. Hignett, and Mr. C. Kay Souper; while Miss Lily Brayton, Miss Madge McIntosh, Miss Agnes Brayton, and Miss Genevieve Ward will divide the female interest.



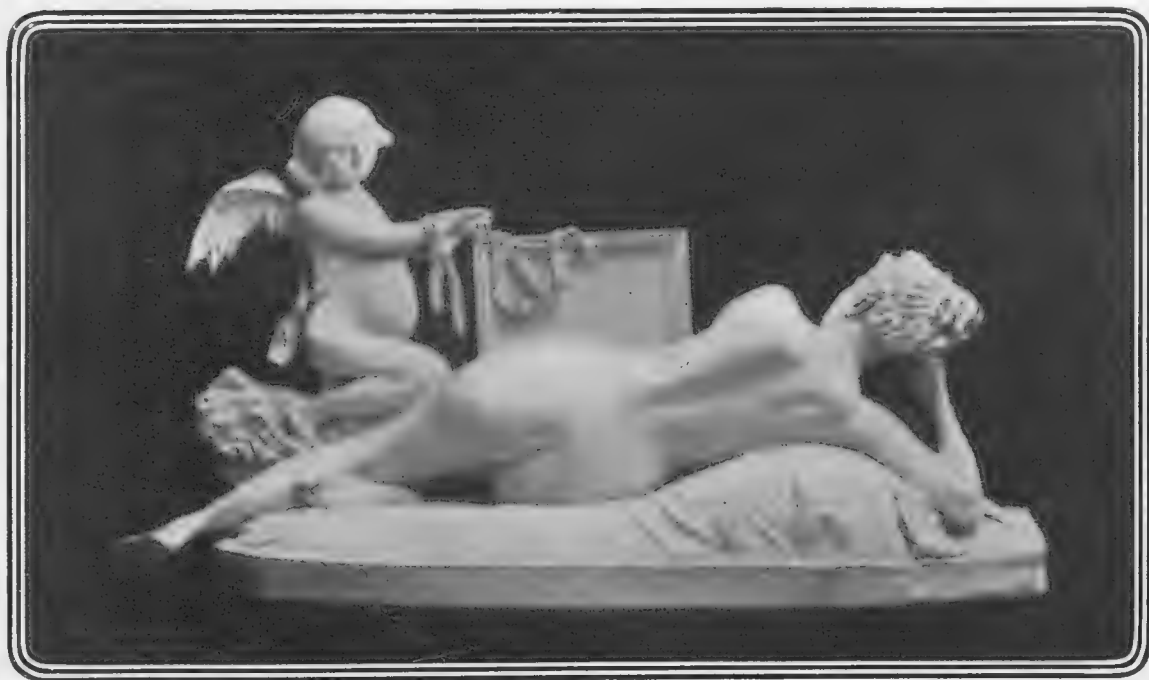
THE FRENCH CINDERELLA: MLE. JEANNE PETIT.

Mlle. Petit plays in the French version of Drury Lane's "Cinderella" the part of Cinderella, taken on this side of the Channel by Miss May de Sousa.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

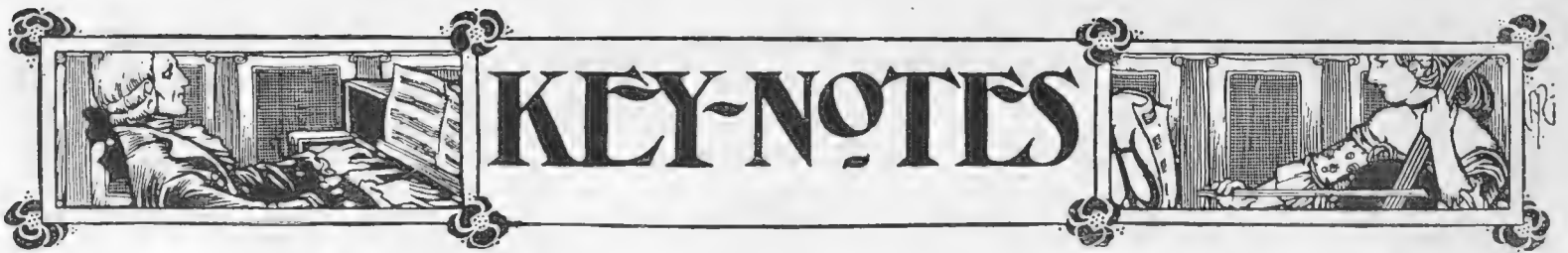
Contrast is the fundamental basis of the drama, and Mr. W. Kingsley Tarpey's experience with "The Amateur Socialist," produced on Saturday evening at the Criterion, furnishes a vivid example when compared with that of the two authors whose success in obtaining rapid recognition of their work has been chronicled on this page in two successive weeks—Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Rudolf Bessier. Five years ago this play, under the title of "Windmills," was produced with great success by the Stage Society. Everybody anticipated at the time that some manager would secure it at once for the regular stage, but the author did not receive an offer for it, until the one recently made by Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen.

Like so many other literary men, Mr. Kingsley Tarpey is a barrister by profession, and—is it necessary to add?—an Irishman by birth. He practised at the Bar in Dublin for some years, but forsook law for literature and art, and Dublin for London. In addition to writing stories, essays, poems, and literary criticism in various well-known papers and magazines, he acted for a time as dramatic critic of the *Star* after Mr. Walkley left to take up that position on the *Times*. He has also written on the drama for American magazines, notably for the *New York Critic*. As a lecturer, too, he is well known, especially in connection with Anglo-Saxon literature, while in January last a lecture of his to the Playgoers' Club on Mr. Bernard Shaw attracted a good deal of attention. This record would fail to sum up the scope of Mr. Kingsley Tarpey's activities did it omit a reference to his musical accomplishments, for he has written some songs and duets, one of the latter, "Oh, Mistress Mine!" in the old English style, achieving more than a fair measure of success when sung by Mr. Frank Boor and Mr. Richard Greene.



LA MILO'S MOST FAMOUS POSE: THE "LIVING STATUE" AS THE VELASQUEZ "VENUS."

Photograph Exclusive to "The Sketch."



OF course the great autumn musical event of the present season has been the production of Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth at Covent Garden. They have practically made the opera in its present condition exactly that which it is in the usual summer season. Melba, for example, has appeared at the opera-house to most enthusiastic audiences, and has thereby proved that she is as clever from a business point of view as she is delightful from a vocal point of view. In fact, Madame Melba has inaugurated a new idea for the customary prima-donna. She has discovered,



MISS INEZ JOLIVET.  
(Mrs. Ley Vernon).



A YOUNG VIOLINIST OF  
MUCH PROMISE.

*Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.*

and quite rightly, that it is most necessary not to make oneself too exclusive; she knows that her work is admired by the whole English public; at the same time, she knows that it is best to keep herself well before the musical public. She is much



MISS BESSIE ABBOT.

A FRANCO-AMERICAN PRIMA-DONNA WHO IS  
GOING TO THE STATES.

*Photograph by Aimé Dupont.*

to be congratulated upon her decision, inasmuch as her voice is even more beautiful than of old, seeing that an increase of ripeness and richness of tone has lent its aid to the perfection of the voice, which, originally beautiful, has now succeeded in absorbing warmth, and therefore has succeeded in entrancing an even greater public than it did before.

Saint-Saëns will play the pianoforte in what has been described as the next series of Canadian Musical Festivals. The career of this musician has been quite extraordinary. From his youth upwards he has been recognised as an extremely clever musician, and he has been associated also with the greatest of his own contemporaries. Berlioz, as everybody knows, went into ecstasies over his playing, which, it must be acknowledged, is extremely fine. Without possessing the quality of a Paderewski or of a Busoni, his lightness of touch and the beauty of his feeling for music naturally endear him to popular audiences. Mr. Charles Harris has made arrangements for the present tour, and one may trust that it will have a great success, especially by reason of the fact that Saint-Saëns has already passed the three score and ten years allotted to mankind according to the Biblical text.

One of the finest performances of "Carmen" that we have ever heard was given at Covent Garden two or three days ago. We do not mean that Madame Kirkby Lunn could really compete with such a Carmen as Calvé, but we are bound to say that Signor Zenatello, in the part of Don José, was, in our estimation, incomparable. His singing was of a most versatile kind. In the quiet moments of the part, to which Bizet has assigned such lovely music, he was admirable; he never went beyond the picture, and he was always without exaggeration. On the other hand, when the tragedy deepened and the part became more and more histrionic, he summoned up an extraordinary amount of vitality, and in the last act he was supremely fine. Nothing could have been better, so we think, than the feeling of wretchedness which he expressed in the music. In a word, Signor Zenatello's

rendering of the part was absolutely perfect; this, one thought, was the character Bizet had designed. The only Don José with which it is possible to compare him is Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who also brings upon the stage the same sense of tragedy and of utter desolation. Signor Zenatello sang magnificently, and his upper notes were extraordinarily beautiful and touching.

In the same opera Madame Suzanne Adams took the part of Micaela. Her voice is always pure and sweet, and she acts with considerable pathos and with no little dignity. She is a singer who has already made her position in the musical world, and whose career will always be watched with interest. The chorus, on the whole, was excellent. The Bellew and Stock Choir of Boys was exceedingly good, and Signor Mugnone conducted very well, if at times he was a little too stolid. The scenic effects were admirably managed in every respect, and the whole performance may be described as a very successful one.

The reproduction of "La Bohème" at the Opera made one other triumph for Madame Melba in the part of Mimi. She sang beautifully, especially in the last act, and Signor Zenatello's Rodolfo was in every respect admirable. The rest of the cast were careful and interesting, but no individual mention need be made. They were all excellent, each in his own way. A special reference may be made, however, to Signora Garavaglia, whose interpretation of the part of Musetta was both humorous and pathetic.

Mr. Edward Tschemacher, whose portrait is given on this page, is a writer of charming lyrics which seem to have occupied the attention of many popular composers. Among his latest verses are to be reckoned that entitled "Rose of my Garden," the musical version of which comes from the pen of Signor Zardo. Mr. Tschemacher is happy in his phraseology, and places himself quite outside the criticisms which were so plentifully made against the ballad-writers of a few years ago. Only a few days ago Miss Marie Tempest was singing nightly at the Palace Theatre, to the music of Mr. Frank Lambert, a ballad of Mr. Tschemacher's composition.

Miss Inez Jolivet is a young violinist of much ability; some months ago she was married to Mr. Ley Vernon, and her career promises well. She is a sister of Miss Rita Jolivet, an actress whose future will be followed also with much interest by the public. The violinist has played already at both the Ballad and Promenade Concerts, and it has been in this connection chiefly that she has made her present reputation.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Bessie Abbot, who is an American, made her début

at the Paris Opera some two years ago in "Romeo and Juliet." She has just signed an engagement to appear with Mr. Conried at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, which is now in keen competition with Mr. Hammerstein, who is starting an opera-house of his own. Among those who are to appear in the same company as Miss Abbot are Mesdames Lina Cavalieri, Emma Eames, Olive Fremstad, and Messieurs Caruso, Plançon, and Rousselière.



A WELL-KNOWN WRITER OF LYRICS: MR. EDWARD  
TESCHEMACHER.

*Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.*



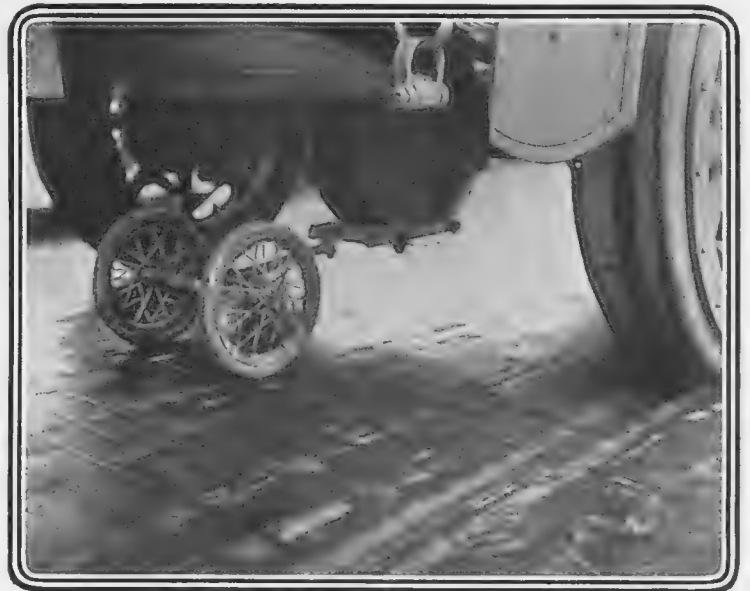


BEFORE THE FIRST ACT—AUTOMOBILISM IN IRONS—THE CELEBRATING RUN IN 1896—WHAT WILL BE DONE FOR THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY—TOURIST TROPHY JUSTICE TO MICHELINS—A WONDERFUL PERCENTAGE RESULT—THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE—SIDE-SLIP, SKID, AND "LITTLE GRAINS OF SAND"—THE TOWN MOTOR COMPETITION.

ON the 14th of November next, self-propelled road vehicles other than traction-engines running at four miles per hour and preceded at a prescribed number of yards by a man carrying a red flag, will have been in a measure free of the road in this country for a space of ten years. While French motor engineers had always been at liberty to run any sort of self-propelled road vehicle their ingenuity could devise and their enterprise bring to effect, our own people, though seized with brilliant mechanical conceptions, were deterred and discouraged from any sort of progress by a hidebound legal situation which our good neighbours across the Channel would not have stood for five minutes. When Mr. Hewetson desired to drive the quaint little 3-h.p. Benz car he brought back with him from Germany, I think in 1894, round about Catford, where he then lived, he used to send his small son on ahead, proudly displaying a red flag some two inches square, mounted on a penholder, for that was sufficient to comply with the idiotic statute which arrested the development of the British automobile industry for so many years, and gave our French competitors the huge lead which we are only just beginning to decrease.

But Emancipation Day came, and on Nov. 14, 1896, the King's assent was accorded a measure which permitted his lieges to drive self-propelled carriages upon and over the public roads at a speed not exceeding a mild twelve miles per hour. The passing of that Act was celebrated by the automobile pioneers of the time with a run from London to Brighton by a number of such self-propelled vehicles as were at that time in the country, and having regard to the position of the industry at that time, the celebration was crowned with success. Of failures there were not a few, and the cars that took part would compare very curiously in appearance and speed with the smart, swift, and noiseless machines now seen at every hour of the day and night upon that classic road. For two or three years after the Bill became law, celebration runs were held under the auspices of the Automobile Club, Portsmouth and Oxford being the objectives upon two separate occasions. But no run of the kind has been held

a technical paper. M. Bablot's car was shod with Michelin tyres, which went through the great contest without mishap of any kind, and so, of course, were largely instrumental in placing Car No. 23 second. The percentage of tyre successes in this race is largely on the side of the Clermont-Ferrand firm; for of the twenty-nine cars that started,



WILL IT STOP THE "LAMP-POST SMASHING, CAB-BREAKING SKIDS" OF THE MOTOR-BUS? DR. WALLIS'S INVENTION.

Dr. Wallis, of Staines, believes that his invention will neutralise the skidding of the motor-bus on greasy roads. It consists of a light, two-wheeled trailer, fixed to the body of the bus by a ball-and-socket joint, and connected by means of wires with two sand-reservoirs placed under the seats. In the event of a skid, the trailer, being independent, remains in its ordinary position, but the jerk upon it opens a valve on the side on which the skid occurs. This causes a stream of sand to shoot out under the wheel, and, it is said, neutralise the effect of the skid. The same invention, modified, can be applied to ordinary motor-cars.

Photograph by H. Hamilton and Co.

three only ran on Michelines, and of this trio, Michelines were fitted to the cars finishing second and eighth. The last-named was the all-round touring 18-h.p. Siddeley, driven by Mr. A. E. Crowdy, who finished with over one gallon of spirit to spare.

The result of the great Vanderbilt race has resulted in yet another triumph for the Darracq, due, it would appear, very largely to the intrepidity of the driver, Wagner, who by all accounts must have found it necessary to take pattern by Charles Jarrott in the start of the truncated Paris-Madrid race, and go at a wall of sightseers at over sixty miles an hour.

After all, "little grains of sand" may lay the Demon Side-Slip. Dr. Wallis, of Staines, would appear to have taken pattern by the sand-box of the common or railroad locomotive, and applied the notion to safeguarding a motor-omnibus. Now, a motor-omnibus, particularly when carrying a full load, is of all things a vehicle which should not skid in the press of the Strand and such congested places, so that Dr. Wallis's invention, if it continue to behave as it is reported to have done on a Kingsway motor-bus, may cause this terror of the London streets to disappear—a suddenly slithering, side-slipping, five-ton motor-bus. The invention simply consists of a light trailer, connected to the body of the car and carrying the apparatus from which the thin stream of fine sand is ejected at the instant of the skid. The supply of sand is carried under the seats of the vehicle.

Those who contemplate the purchase of a motor-car specially adaptable to town work will await the result of the Town Motor Competition organised by the Automobile Club, which commenced on Monday last. The actual running test was confined to one day's trip of thirty miles or so, but the awards will not be made so much upon the running—for clearly a trip of thirty miles is no test of reliability—but upon the general all-round adaptability of the competing cars to town work. Upon this a judge's committee will decide. No fewer than twenty-eight cars are entered, of which nineteen are propelled by petrol, two by steam, and seven by electricity.



THE MOTOR AS AN AID TO THE RED CROSS: A MOTOR AMBULANCE-WAGON SUPPLIED TO THE ST. ANDREW'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION OF GLASGOW.

The motor ambulance, which is one of the latest productions of the new Argyll Works at Alexandria, is admirably arranged. In order that vibration may be abolished, the body is insulated from the chassis by means of rubber pads. The interior, which contains heating apparatus and electrical fittings in the shape of three ceiling-lamps, is provided with the standard equipment of the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association.

Photograph supplied by Argylls, London, Ltd.

for some time, the huge increase in the number of cars making such a function undesirable. Next month, however, and on the great day, it is probable that as many of the pioneers of 1896 as possible will celebrate the tenth anniversary of our road freedom by a repetition of the Brighton run.

An incorrect report as to the tying of the 22-h.p. Berliet, driven into second place in the Tourist Trophy Race has been given by

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE—LORD MARCUS BERESFORD AS JOCKEY—JUMPING—THE LADIES.

NOW that the Cesarewitch is over, public attention will be directed to the shorter race which is set for decision next Wednesday. There will be a representative field, and the speculation will, as usual, be very large, as owners like this, the last really big betting handicap of the year. The running of Polymelus at Kempton points

Jockey Club Rules. I know plenty of good sportsmen who much prefer jumping to flat-racing, and it is far easier to find winners over obstacles. There is no finer spectacle, for instance, than the race for the Grand National. I would rather assist at one cross-country blue-ribbon than two Derbys. It is worth all the journey to Aintree to see the many enthusiastic clerics on the Grand Stand. They seem to have a thorough all-round knowledge of horses, especially Irish-bred ones. If it were only possible to run a second edition of the Grand National, say at Sandown Park, I believe the sport under N.H. rules would soon begin to hum down South. What we want in the neighbourhood of London is good fields of high-class steeplechasers competing over a big country for big prizes.

It is a subject of remark that in our members' enclosures just now the majority of the ladies do their own betting, and, seemingly, are not above touting for winners. They are often to be seen button-holing owners, trainers, and even jockeys to find out the latest, and it is a remarkable fact that the ladies are often able to spot the winner once in two shots. But they frequently go off at awkward tangents and back horses on account of their pretty names or the tasty colours they carry, and the result is generally disaster. One woman backer, who used to plunge heavily in partnership with a real live Lord, followed the game by herself when his Lordship got tired of it, and she managed to hold her own with the Ring for many years. At last, however, a change came to her fortunes, and she had to retire beaten. Those ladies who only bet in silver manage to get a balance on the right side at the end of the day so long as they go on information; but ladies as a rule go for long prices and "no chances," as the late Dick Dunn used to term them. They cannot

see that a horse in a handicap has less than a 5 to 1 chance of winning, and, upon my word, I think they would rather get 10 to 1 about a loser than back a winner at 6 to 4 on. I heard recently of a case of a lady who always watches the horse-boxes and backs the horse that comes in the first box having the owner's name on it.



A DANGER OF THE CHANNEL: A SWIMMER ATTACKED BY AN OCTOPUS.

The octopus has been much in evidence of late in the neighbourhood of Calais, and bathers are warned to keep a sharp look-out. Only the other day a swimmer was nearly caught. Several specimens of the octopus (measuring about three feet) have been captured. The Bay of Blanc Nez is particularly favoured by them.

to his chance, though it should not be forgotten that he now has a 10-lb. penalty. I happen to know that the Earl of Crewe, who used to own this horse, always thought him a good one, and I believe his Lordship expected him to win the City and Suburban for Mr. Faber. John Porter, who used to train Polymelus at Kingsclere, predicted that he would shine later on in life. He is now at the top of his form, and with Maher in the saddle he is certain to be well backed. Roseate Dawn has a chance, but he is so unlucky—always thereabouts, but never there. Sarcelle was backward at Kempton, and I do not think he will be ready next week, while I cannot favour Lally at the weights. Velocity is not out of it, and the same remark will apply to Ambition. Taylor may supply a dangerous candidate in Gold Riach, who ran second in the Oaks. Prince William, on the book, has a chance second to none, but the stable is also responsible for Dean Swift, who runs well over this course. Kaffir Chief is smart when fit, and the same may be said of Rievaulx. Of the Cesarewitch runners, Beppo, Bibiani, and Manaton (if the latter is Taylor's chosen) should have a following, and it must not be forgotten that Spate made the running for half the distance in the longer race. If I had to make a selection at once, I should plump for Polymelus, but I may find something to beat him before the day of the race.

Now that Lord Marcus Beresford is taking an active interest in the work of the National Hunt Committee, we may look forward with confidence to the introduction of many useful reforms. Lord Marcus, who manages the King's horses, used to own several useful jumpers, and, what is more, he often rode them to victory. It is told of him that he once came near to being drowned at the Totnes Meeting through having to go under a bridge and up the bed of a river in one of the steeplechases. He never rode at the meeting afterwards. The idea of allowances for young riders in steeplechases and hurdle-races is one that should do well if worked on a proper basis. Many of our older cross-country jockeys have become too slow, and some others have lost their nerve entirely. It therefore behoves the authorities to encourage newcomers. There is no reason why the winter game should not be quite as successful as racing under



POSSIBLE DEFENDERS OF GREAT BRITAIN: MEMBERS OF THE JERSEY LADIES' TOWER HAMLET RIFLE CLUB.

In the back row are—Miss E. Grant, Miss N. Lindsell, Colonel Bagnall, Miss Drury Shaw, and Miss Wilkins; in the centre row—Mrs. Bilk, Mrs. Devereaux, Mrs. Bagnall, Mrs. Gough, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Bennett, and Miss Lindsell; in the front row—Miss Grant, Miss Goodwyn, Miss Bagnall, Miss Jervoise-Cullies, and Miss Walker.

Photograph by Smith, Jersey.

This system up till now has shown a profit. Others back the horse belonging to the first owner they see in the paddock, while others follow the first jockey they see. It cannot be gainsaid that backers as a body are superstitious, but the ladies are more so.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE splendour of country gardens at the present moment, with their herbaceous borders and turf-paths gay with dahlia, Michaelmas daisy, and early chrysanthemum, is reflected in the millinery of October, which beckons seductively from every shop-window and salon. The old coaching-hat shape, in soft, silky felts

of grey and mauve over silver tissue, were conspicuously novel and charming, while simpler forms of that ever-useful garment appeared in delaines and glorified flannels with strappings of silk, showers of dainty buttons not larger than raindrops, intricate stitchery, and embroidery of much cunning. A winter blouse of dead-white satin serge was sewn over with posies of tiny flowers, rosebuds, daisy-buds, and forget-me-nots. A black-and-white check had medallions of coarse lace piped with green panne; a sable brown velvet was happily mixed with rose pink and point d'Irlande. Altogether the winter blouse is a glorified edition of all its predecessors this season, and as such is a more serious rival than ever of the entire costume, which admits of only one bodice to one skirt instead of dozens, all variously seductive.

The cult of the corset is more understood of the people than of yore, and neat waists and supple figures are no longer the exception but the rule. For this relief we owe much thanks to such past mistresses of the corset as Mesdames Sykes Josephine and Co., whose skill in training the feminine outline, in the way it should go deserves the grateful thanks of a generation of *svelte* and *gracieuse* womenkind.

Peter Robinson issues a fascinating autumn catalogue, appropriately bearing an autumn leaf as its frontispiece. "Fashions of To-day" can be had on application, and is a complete and fully illustrated list of the most up-to-date clothes at the most moderate prices. Furs, frocks, furbelows, thrills and frills of all possible kinds, are set forth by a series of admirable photographs, enabling the country or Colonial purchaser far away



[Copyright.]

AN ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR AN EVENING GOWN.

of purple, crimson, brown, and green, is charming when set forth with cockades of ribbon and clusters of rich foliage showing up shaded velvet dahlias. The new shade of mole colour, though not, strictly speaking, becoming, is extremely smart when velvet, feathers, and felt are all of the same tone, as they are in a little elongated travelling toque of inexpressible daintiness, just over from Paquin's Paris house.

Another Bond Street *couturière* of light and leading is in the throes of countless orders for evening frocks, and Kate Reily's triumphal progress through many seasons has never been more glorious than it is in the present. She has just completed a pale mauve chiffon over delicate pink; and an embroidery of dahlias, in which both tones are repeated, trails over the skirt with infinite grace and beauty of colouring. For brunette beauties who can stand strong colouring a rich velvet gown of dahlia-crimson lies in wait. Its heavy folds are artistically enlivened with gem-spangled net—diamonds, rubies, and amethysts giving points of glittering colour as the wearer moves. Some of Kate Reily's versatile talents have been expended on Bridge gowns and coats with great effect. A black mousseline-de-soie had linings of gold lace and gaily coloured check panne. A purple chiffon was regally set forth with royal blue and gold galon, combining the colours of a purple gloxinia with Nature's own successful daring.

The new winter blouses to go with coat and skirt show more novelty than is usually the case. Shadow silks are a vogue, and misty, blurred effects are in much demand. A golden-brown gauze with pink roses made over gold tissue, for instance, and a shot gauze



[Copyright.]

A COAT IN MINK AND ERMINE AT PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD STREET.

from London, with its pomps and works, to shop with as much accuracy and precision as if on the spot. The hats depicted are charming fur toques, floral capotes, feather-shaded picture-chapeaux, and what-not. Furs, always a study in temptations, but never more so than now, are glorified exceedingly at Peter Robinson's, and from



Russian sable stoles at hundreds of guineas to pointed fox at as many shillings, all the furs shown express the last and best ideas in shape and design. A separate catalogue, entitled "Furs of Distinction," will enable the proposed purchaser to see "form at a glance" in this charmingly illustrated booklet. A set of ermine on a gorgeously clad lady in red makes one long to be the proud possessor of the "Marchioness set," while a cape stole of blue-grey chinchilla epitomises the elegance of that delicate fur for all time.

Admirable and enviable exceedingly are the newest necklaces of the Parisian Diamond Company, whose skill in setting jewels is only matched by the artistic excellence of their designs. An illustration of pendent emeralds and diamonds strung on a platinum chain shows one of the prettiest possible designs for birthday or wedding gift. Pendent earrings in various gems and groupings are the lately revived favourite of the feminine fancy, and as rendered in the pear-shaped pearls and differently hued jewels of the Parisian Diamond Company are exceedingly alluring. The pearl collars and "ropes" for which the Company is so widely famous lose none of their attraction, and continue to defy the criticism of experts in their perfect simulation of the colour, weight, and lustre which attach to the rescued spoil of the pearl oyster.

Hampton's are selling off a manufacturer's stock of "unbreakable Scotch net" and Swiss net lace curtains, which sounds seductively in ears accustomed to complaints of the metropolitan laundress, with all her rendings and tearings. The same firm is disposing of a quantity of table damask as well as cotton and linen sheets at especially low prices, so the psychological moment for replenishing the linen-cupboard would seem to have arrived. An opportunity is also afforded of picking up all kinds of china and glass, domestic and ornamental, which are being sold during the month of October at absurdly low prices. Charming breakfast sets of Staffordshire, painted in old-fashioned posies, for 19s. 6d., and some quite handsome dinner services for 30s. 9d. Complete services of dainty table glass for six persons are to be had for 47s., and altogether some remaining days of October might be profitably employed in negotiating Hampton's very tempting and attractive opportunities.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SENSITIVE (Elstree).**—You should use care in buying soap. There are so many kinds that contain silicates, soda crystals, irritating essential oils, and other mixtures injurious to the skin. For all-round excellence Vinolia can be recommended with greater reason than some others. It is pleasant in use and absolutely harmless.

**HOUSEWIFE (Chatham).**—If you meant a fillip to your appetite, as so many Anglo-Indians do, why not try Tabasco—the famous liquid red-pepper sauce—with your food? It really works wonders in reviving interest in one's eatables, and is particularly good in curries, with fish, and some entrées. (2) The Russian method is to start dinner with some appetising savoury, such as caviar, hareng, and so forth, to the accompaniment of a dry liqueur, such as Kummel. Your Russian friends will appreciate finding their habits remembered. *Chez-elles*, these savouries are put on the side-board, and everyone helps himself; but in England they are just served round in the ordinary way, as hors d'œuvres.

**FIAT (Mayfair).**—An always welcome wedding-present is the revolving soup-tureen, which can be had for six or seven pounds in electro-plate; or a canteen of silver, but that runs into a good sum.

SYBIL.

By a slip of the pen, a reproduction of Henrietta Rae's admirable picture, "Echo," was recently inserted in *The Sketch* as a painting by Mr. Ernest Normand, Henrietta Rae's husband. The copyright of "Echo" is the property of the Autotype Company, 74, New Oxford Street, W.C.

Sufferers from rheumatism should test the value of "Anturic" Bath Salts, which owes its success to the peculiar power it exerts over uric acid. Wherever the poisonous impurity exists in the system, inflaming the muscles and joints, "Anturic" Bath Salts, it is asserted, neutralises it, so that, the cause being destroyed, the disease itself is cured. An occasional bath of this purifying Salts will, it is said, effectually prevent the formation of uric acid in the body.

By the error of a correspondent, we recently gave the height jumped by Captain Count Arrivabene's Vissuto incorrectly. The height should have been 7 feet 4 inches.

#### ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW NOVEL.

"**SOPHY OF KRAVONIA**," Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, is good, very good. It is the wonderful romance of Sophy Crouch, the little scullery-maid of Morpington. Sophy dominates the whole book. Her lovers, Casimir de Savres and Monseigneur the Prince of Slavna, are shadowy figures compared with Sophy. To look at she was pale, dark, and slender. On her face glowed the Red Star, a small birth-mark placed just below the cheek-bone. The citizens and soldiers of Kravonia called her the Red-Starred Witch. Sophy went away from Essex with Lady Meg Duddington to see the world. It was in Paris that she met and loved Casimir de Savres. But not till his death—not till Part III. of the book—does the story reach its full interest. Mr. Hope is, of course, in his element describing the mysterious land of Kravonia. There are elaborate maps which make the whole position clear. And to Kravonia, Sophy, undaunted in spirit, came. Leaning out of a window one warm evening, and already knowing something of the busy intrigues of the Court, she saw the Prince of Slavna fighting with an assassin for his life. And she saved him by dropping on the enemy a heavy bronze figure holding a lamp. This is a dramatic scene. Then Sophy is given a position at a Court that is torn in two by rival factions, for there are conspiracies to put the Prince's young brother in the Prince's place. The Prince loves Sophy; he asks her to come in his suite to the castle at Praslock, and thither she goes, leaving the plotting bands behind, and there they are happy for a time. She charms him by her sunny graciousness, her sensitive spirit, her suppressed force. Oh, if there were only space to tell the story!—how dangers came, how Sophy loved and served her Prince, how the King died, how the Prince was wounded, how at the last hour he was

married to the one woman in the world for him. After his death Sophy swore to avenge him.

The people met in the market-place, and on a platform was stretched the body of the King.

Lukovitch turned to Sophy and handed his drawn sword to her. She took it. Then she knelt down and kissed the King's lips. Rising to her feet again, she stood for a moment silent, looking over the market-square; yet she seemed hardly to see, her eyes were vacant. At last she raised the sword to her lips, kissed it, and then held it high in the air.

"It was Monseigneur's wish. Let us avenge him! God hears me!"

"God hears you!" came all the voices.

The gallant rescue of the guns and the last sorrowful good-bye to Kravonia follow on—

Sophy rode forth from Kravonia in her sheepskins and silver ring—the last Queen of Kravonia . . . the last chosen leader of the mountain men. But the memory of the Red Star lived after her—how she loved Monseigneur and avenged him.

Love and the clash of arms are in this story, the atmosphere is full of the magic of high romance. For its excitement, charm, picturesque and splendid effects, "Sophy of Kravonia" can never be forgotten. The publisher is Mr. Arrowsmith.

Miss Billie Burke is so charming in manner, so genial in disposition, so pretty in face and figure, that she is as widely popular among her comrades as she is among the general public, to whom the brightness of her work on the stage has always appealed. Widespread, therefore, as is the sympathy which her

comrades have given her, it will be extended to her in equal measure by the playgoer in the grief she has sustained by the unexpected death of her father.

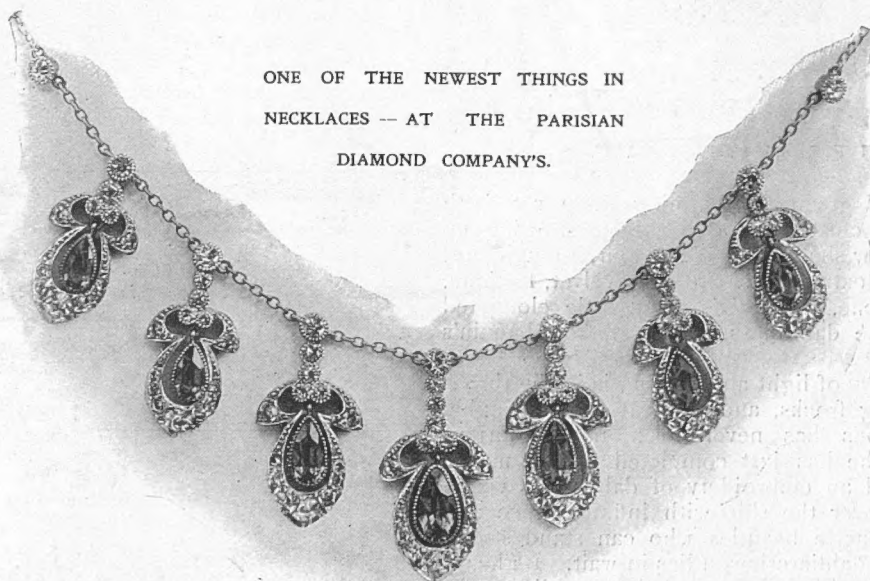
Mr. John Brinsmead, the founder of the firm of John Brinsmead and Sons, Limited, and the oldest living pianoforte-manufacturer, who is generally known as the "Father of the Pianoforte Trade," celebrated his ninety-second birthday with his family at Eastbourne on the 12th inst. Should he live till June next year he will also celebrate the seventieth anniversary of his wedding-day.



COMPILER OF "WHISPERINGS FROM THE GREAT",  
MISS CONSTANCE A. MEREDYTH.

Miss Meredyth has just issued, through Mr. Henry Frowde, an autograph album with well-selected "Whisperings from the Great." The volume is admirably "got up," and can be obtained in various styles, from a guinea net, bound in flexible leather. Two days occupy a page.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.



ONE OF THE NEWEST THINGS IN  
NECKLACES — AT THE PARISIAN  
DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 24.*

## MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY SECURITIES.

WE have been asked to explain in these Notes the position of the Mexican Central Railway Company securities, which are quoted and dealt in here and known as A and B Debentures, and appear to be a cause of some doubt and uncertainty to more than one correspondent.

The Mexican Central Railway system is about 3154 miles in length, and the main line runs from Mexico City to the Texan frontier, where it links up with the Southern Pacific and Atchison systems. There are a large number of branches, probably the most important of which is that from Chilacote to Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico.

There are about five and a half million dollars of prior lien bonds which are not known here for market purposes, and 66½ million dollars of Consolidated Mortgage 4 per cent. Bonds, redeemable on July 1, 1911, besides a large number of other bonds of various denominations and 46,800,000 dollars of shares.

A Securities Company was formed in 1899 for the purpose of recovering the 4 per cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds of such holders as were willing to deposit the same, and of issuing against each 1000 dollars of such Bonds £102 of A Debentures and £102 of B Debentures; the general idea being to secure a position of influence over the Railway Company by placing a preponderating holding of Bonds in the hands of the trustees. The A Debentures are a first charge on the deposited Bonds both for principal and interest, and the B Debentures are a second charge for principal, but have no cumulative rights as to interest.

Of the whole amount of the Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, 37,730,000 dollars have been deposited and exchanged, so that there are in existence £3,848,460 of both classes of Debentures or Debenture stock, of which each £102 of A stock is a first charge on 1000 dollars of the original Railway Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, and each £102 of B stock is a second charge upon the same. Interest at the rate of 4 per cent. is regularly paid on both, and, as must be apparent to anyone, the security for the A stock is overwhelming, for if in a break-up or sale of the Mexican Central Railway Company's system the Consolidated Mortgage only realised 50 per cent. of its face-value (an almost impossible supposition), the "A" stock would be paid in full and there would be a surplus. For people content with a return of about 4½ per cent. at 93 there are few more attractive propositions than this amply covered security, while, as a pretty certain 5½ per cent stock and one which has never defaulted during the last sixteen years, the "B" Debentures at 72 present a very favourable opportunity for high interest coupled with a minimum risk.

## CANADIAN PACIFICS.

The declaration of the usual dividend at the rate of 6 per cent., and the announcement that a bonus of 1 per cent. will be distributed during 1907, caused some disappointment to "bulls" of Canadian Pacifics, and led to a drop from the high record of 189 to under 184, and there has been a disposition to point out that on a 7 per cent. basis the return at 184 is under 4 per cent. I venture to think that those who argue in this way fail to appreciate the true position of the Company. To understand this one must consider the Company in its two capacities (1) as a Railway, Shipowning Company, etc.; (2) as a landowning corporation. As a Railway Company it is paying 6 per cent., and is earning, perhaps, 12 per cent. or more on its Ordinary shares. While it is quite true that it is extremely unlikely that 12 per cent. will ever be distributed, it is highly probable that in course of years the dividend may be gradually increased to 7 per cent. or 8 per cent., that is from the Railway earnings pure and simple. And again it is extremely probable that in the course of years there may be further issues of shares at a price which will represent a handsome bonus to shareholders. Taking these things together, I fancy that a price of 150 would be fully justified for Canadian Pacific shares if the Company did not own a single acre of land. Then we come to the Company's position as a landowner. In this capacity the Company owned on June 30 last 13,473,350 acres of land unsold, in addition to 2,500,000 acres not yet received, and 16,383,000 dollars on account of land sold, but not yet paid for, on which interest at the rate of 6 per cent. is received. It is, of course, impossible to fix a value for their enormous acreage. All one can say is that the value of land in Canada is tending steadily upwards and is not likely to decrease, and that last year the average price received by the Company for its land was 5.84 dollars per acre. Further, we have the important fact that the interest alone on the capital value of the lands so far sold will already admit of a distribution of 1 per cent. on Canadian Pacific shares. Taking these facts together, I think anyone will agree that 50 dollars per Canadian Pacific share is a very moderate estimate for the value of the lands owned by the Company. Adding this to the 150 dollars I have estimated for the value of the shares as a Railway pure and simple, it is clear that 200 dollars per share is not at all an overestimate for the price of Canadian Pacifics, and I have not the slightest doubt that shareholders who will patiently hold their shares during the next few years will see them standing a good deal higher even than that.

P. S.—After the advance which has taken place in the price of many Nitrate shares, discrimination is more than ever required in making purchases. The soundest shares to buy at present prices, among the higher priced shares, are undoubtedly *Liverpools* and *Santa Rita*, and these should be picked up on any reaction.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Over a sixteenth, close to close, if you *must* have a thirty-second price. Screw!"

"Sell you a hun.?"

"Right. I buy a hundred at one and one-sixteenth and a sixty-fourth, thank you."

"What in the world are they talking about?" asked Our Stroller, thoroughly perplexed. "What does 'close to close' mean? I don't understand. What—?"

"Quite easy," said his broker. "The jobber made that chap over a sixteenth, close to close, the big figure in Johnnies being a pound. See?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do."

"Well, 'close' means threepence three-farthings. *Now* d'you twig?"

The Stroller looked the picture of mystification. "Translate it into pounds, shillings, and pence," he requested.

"Well, then, the jobber made that broker 21 6¾ to 22 1¼ in the shares. The broker could sell at 21 6¾ or buy at—what the dickens did I say?" He referred to the calculation on his cuff—"22 1¼"

"That is—"

"There's sevenpence halfpenny difference between the buying and the selling prices. N'other words, the broker got a thirty-second price. Now, I hope—"

"Yes, thank you. I'm beginning to grasp the situation a little better. But you must admit it is puzzling to a layman."

"I suppose it is rather," replied the broker. "Clients pick it up fast enough when they deal frequently."

"If that's intended for an oblique hit at my humble self—"

"My dear Sir! What could have suggested such a thing to you?"

"Do you know anything about Rhodesian shares?"

"My own personal opinion is that Tanganyikas are almost the only shares likely to do good for some time to come."

"I was told to buy a thing called Roecks. Have you ever heard of such a Company?"

The broker laughed again. "I think you mean Rhodesian Explorations," he suggested. "We sometimes call them Rho. Ex. in there," and he nodded across to the House.

"Are they good?"

A shrug of the shoulders was the only response.

"Very well, I won't, then," replied his client, "Can you suggest any speculative property likely to rise in price?"

"I hear rather well of

British North Borneo and Borneo Explorers," was the answer.

"Are they going up?"

"I shouldn't like to tell you that the prices will rise, say, to-morrow morning, or next week, or even next month. But I believe in both concerns, and if you take up the shares—"

"I always do, you know."

"Much the best plan. Then I think you'll see a decent profit on these Borneos early next year. They've got manganese, and the stuff has been going to famine prices lately."

"Which ought I to buy?"

"Few of each. The Explorers are the more speculative, so are likely to move first. The British North Borneo is the parent concern, with a large stake in the baby."

"How diabolically disgusting!" exclaimed a friendly voice behind the pair of men. "But I know what you were talking about."

"Two to one you don't. In half-crowns."

"Done. Motor-omnibus shares."

"Oh, rotten guess!" and the broker held out his hand for the money. "We were discussing Borneos."

"Pooh!" said the other. "I'm a bull of Vandards."

"If I were in Vandards, I should get out," said the broker.

"You would, eh, my dear?" and a short, pleasant-faced newcomer joined them. "You'd be wrong there, my dear."

"What you *ought* to buy," chimed in his partner, "is Commonwealth Oil Deferred shares."

"What are they now?" asked one of the group.

"About thirty-five bob. Percy says they're going to thirty-five—I forget what, but it's something much better."

Our Stroller listened while his broker discussed Commonwealth Deferred.

"Shall we go joint in a couple of hundred?" he whispered.

"Right you are," said the broker. "Let's see what they are."

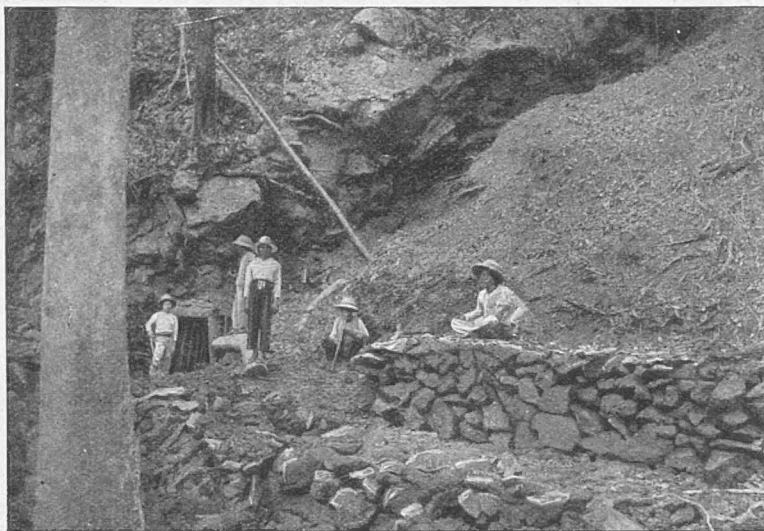
"Yes; Commonwealths, my dear?" said the pleasant-faced jobber.

"The very thing! Eleven-thirteen; fire away; I don't want to rob you."

"What's the sixteenth price?" demanded the broker.

"Either side of three-quarters, then."

"Buy two hundred."



BRITISH BORNEO EXPLORATION COMPANY: MANGANESE MINE AND QUARRY.



"Sell you two hundred over three-quarters. Thank you," and he turned away.

"I've bought us 200 Commonwealth Deferred at 35 7½ per share," laughed the broker to Our Stroller. "Do you mind strolling back to my office?"

"Are Home Railway stocks worth buying yet?" our friend inquired, as they walked down Throgmorton Street.

"No. They're not."

"Really?"

"I don't think so, anyway. Who's going to buy them?"

"All the papers say they're cheap."

"In the first place, the papers are generally wrong; in the second, prices may be cheap and yet go cheaper—as I think Home Railways will."

"What makes you think so?"

"Look how high money rates are. You can get 5½ per cent. by lending cash on Yankees, or 5 per cent. on Foreign Bonds. Net, to you, the client."

"And you think people won't buy Railway stocks to pay 4½ per cent. when they can get more by lending it on other things?"

"It stands to reason that they won't, especially when there's all this Labour trouble in the air."

"I hope it may stop there," said Our Stroller, thinking of his own business in the North.

"So do we all. But nobody can tell. Therefore, that's an added reason for the people keeping off Home Rails."

"How d'you lend money on contango?" inquired The Stroller. "I've heard about it, but I don't understand the details. Why, here's my wife!"

"We will carry-over our contango talk to a less auspicious occasion," said the broker. "How do you do?"

Saturday, Oct. 13, 1906.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MEXICANO.—(a) You had better hold. (b) We have not changed our opinion as to the Railway Preference shares, but times are not propitious for much rise just now. (c) There are two classes of shares, one 20s. and one 12s., but both are entitled to exactly the same dividend and rights in every respect; hence they are worth the same price and there is no difference in the quotation.

V. H.—Your letter has been forwarded as you requested.

H. S.—Your letter was answered on the 11th inst.

INQUIET.—We also hear the Company is doing well, but we distrust the people connected with it so much that we would have nothing to do with it.

LIFE.—A pure gamble. Have nothing to do with them.

STEEL.—We think it is worth while to join the reconstruction.

COMOX.—We certainly expect the same dividend as last year to be paid. Hold rather than sell at a loss.

SPHINX.—Call options are mere gambles, and we never profess to give gambling tips. The Diamond shares should go better.

ARBORESQUE.—You are sure to lose your savings if you dabble in Stock Exchange matters either through the people you name, or anyone else. If you want something more than 2½ per cent., select a good investment, and having put your money into it, don't worry about price or fluctuations. Buy United of Havannah 5 per cent. unredeemable Debenture stock at about 115, or Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway 7 per cent. preference stock at about 166, and employ a respectable broker to do it for you.

ENQUIRY.—The stock has fallen because all 3 per cent. stocks, and even Consols, have gone down. Your income is as safe now as ever, and when money is a drug in the market again all this class of stuff will recover. In the space of an answer we cannot discuss the complicated question of the causes of the present state of the Money Market and gilt-edged stocks.

J. H. G. C.—You are in the same boat as the holders of most Kaffirs. Whether that Market will ever come again, we do not know. All your shares are solid and among the best. We really cannot advise sale at the heavy loss you would have to suffer, but you may have to wait years for an improvement.

CHRISTCHURCH.—Your letter was answered on the 13th instant.

KYLE.—A and B. We see no great catch in either. As to the Gwalia, the prospects are encouraging, and the report and accounts will be issued in a few days. We believe in neither of the other concerns.

J. E. D.—We have made inquiries as to the Light and Power Shares, and advise you to buy more to average. The Company is doing splendidly.

S. B. (Hull).—Send up the scrip next week. If you intend to hold for a long time, have the stock registered in your own name—not otherwise. Yes, Norfolks are good enough.

CALGARY.—The capital is £500,000. The directors are General Sir R. B. Lane, Messrs. A. E. Leigh, W. H. Ellice, J. R. Tennant, and C. Ward. The offices are at Dashwood House, Old Broad Street.

MERCI BIEN.—As far as we can ascertain there is nothing wrong with the mine. The shares are the sport of two strong South African groups. A few months ago the bears were squeezed, now they are getting some of their own again. We will ask "Q." Barrechea for our money. It would probably pay you to sell Colorado and buy Liverpool Nitrates with the money.

G. T.—So much depends on the course of the Money Market that your question is difficult. They seem to us high enough, and not as good for a rise as Canadian Pacific.

IGNORAMUS.—If you are a shareholder the Company cannot have been wound up without your knowledge. Send us 1s. to pay the fee at Somerset House and we will search. Why don't you inquire at the Company's office?

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick, the Surrey Stakes should be won by Lally; the County Nursery by Nemours; and the Charlwood Handicap by Nydian. At Newcastle, I think Peter Pan will win the Northumberland Handicap, and Wild Lad may capture the Autumn Handicap. The running at Sandown will be highly interesting. I fancy the following: Produce Stakes, Keystone II.; Orleans Nursery, The Rialto; Temper Handicap, Rocketter; Coombe Plate, Cheverel; Great Sapling Plate, Witch Elm. Saturday's racing at Sandown will be under National Hunt Rules. The following may go close: Park Steeplechase, Cissy's Revel; Pirbright Hurdle, Morning Mail; Three-Year-Old Hurdle, Findhorn; Norbiton Hurdle, Domino; Busbridge Steeplechase, Royal Rouge.

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